

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1057.—3 September, 1864.

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ALFRED TENNYSON ON BULWER.

The authorship of some pointed verses, which will live among the "quarrels of authors," has just come to light,—the verses in question being a sharp bit of personal satire by Alfred Tennyson on "Sir Lytton." It may be recollected that Bulwer, in his "New Timon," took occasion to ventilate some very malignant and uncalled-for asperities against his brother-author. They called forth a squib or two in *Punch*. It now appears that Tennyson himself entered the field in the latter journal with the following "settler :"—*Transcript*.

THE NEW TIMON AND THE POETS.

We know him out of Shakspeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke :
The old TIMON with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the OLD : here comes the NEW.
Regard him : a familiar face :
I *thought* we knew him ; what, it's you,
The padded man—that wears the stays !

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote,
A LION you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

And once you tried the muses, too ;
You failed, sir ; therefore now you turn ;
You fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim ;
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, .sir, you are hard to please ;
You never look but half content ;
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be ;
It's always ringing in your ears,—
"They call this man as good as *me*."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt.
A dapper boot—a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt !

You talk of tinsel ! why we see
The mark of rouge upon your cheeks ;
You prate of Nature ! you are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A TIMON you ! Nay, nay ; for shame :
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take *his* name,
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

ALCIMADES.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken
Pleasant visions, as of old !
Though the house by winds be shaken,
Safe I keep this room of gold !

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds its castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair !

But instead it builds me bridges
Over many a dark ravine,
Where beneath the gusty ridges
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Nought avails the imploring gesture,
Nought avails the cry of pain !
When I touch the flying vesture,
'Tis the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmur of bells and voices blending
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,
Every tower and town and farm,
And again the land forbidden
Re-assumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree ;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts a thought of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,
Blown by wind and beaten by shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

—*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE DYING WISH.

"Mamma," a little maiden said,
Almost with her expiring sigh,
"Put no sweet roses round my head,
When in my coffin-dress I lie :"—
"Why not, my dear ?" the mother cried :
"What flower so well a corpse adorns ?"
"Mamma," the innocent replied,
"They crowned our Saviour's head with
thorns."

—*Versified by James Montgomery, Esq.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *The History of our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art with that of the Types, St. John the Baptist, and other Persons of the Old and New Testament.* Commenced by the late Mrs. Jameson; continued and completed by Lady Eastlake. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1864.
2. *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* With Engravings on Wood from Designs by the Italian Masters. Longman. 4to. London: 1864.

MORE than twenty years have elapsed since the late Mrs. Jameson began to collect the materials for the series of elegant and instructive works on the History of Christian Art, which has assigned to her so honorable a place among the critics, and we may almost say the artists, of this country. The two volumes entitled "Sacred and Legendary Art," which included descriptions of works representing most of the secondary personages of the Gospel histories, were commenced in 1842, and published in 1848; they were followed by the single volume of the "Monastic Orders," and that containing the "Legends of the Madonna," the most graceful and elaborate of Mrs. Jameson's own productions, which continues to be in such demand that a third edition of it has just issued from the press. Indeed, it may be said with perfect truth that these books are the indispensable guides and companions of every Englishman who seeks to fix identity and meaning on the beautiful, but often unintelligible, representations of Romish tradition. A greater and more important task remained to be performed ere the series of these works could be closed. The person of our Lord is the central figure to which all history, all tradition, all legend, converge in the records of Christian art: whether in the awful character of the Deity, Maker of all things, Judge of all men, revealed in the form of the incarnate Son, or as the highest visible object of devout adoration, or as the purest example of beauty, power, and wisdom ever seen on earth, or as the chief actor in the scenes of his ministration and in the redemption of mankind, the highest powers of human art have incessantly been directed, under the influence of the Christian Church, to depict and portray the person of Jesus Christ, and to produce upon the mind of the beholder some impression of his holiness, his supernatural presence, his sufferings, and his death. Nor,

indeed, has the aspiration of art been satisfied even with these overpowering themes. It has aimed—and to speak as men may speak of such an effort—it has not always aimed in vain, at the glorification of the divine nature in its own inaccessible abodes; it has created and given permanence to sublime visions of immortal beings and eternal worlds; it has raised the forms of human beauty to their highest power, in the fond belief that they may be no unworthy image of a divine excellence; and it has thus familiarized the eyes of the church with all but living impersonations of beings and of events, which, but for this counterfeit of creative energy, must have remained in the dim circle of mere abstractions. No doubt if the highest types of art owe much to religion, religion itself owes not less of its visible and concrete influence over mankind to these types of art. It is the union of these two elements—that is, the union of mysterious truths, partially revealed and partially accessible to the human mind, with those sacred forms and images of which man is himself the real inventor, however they may acquire something of the divine character—which constitutes the theory of religious art.

To relate in fitting language the history of this lofty work of the imagination and the hand of gifted artists, and to show the relation it has borne to the faith of Christendom in successive ages, is a task demanding far higher qualifications than the description of those legendary subjects which had previously been treated by Mrs. Jameson. That lady had, in fact, made but little progress in this portion of her labors. She had collected notes on pictures relating to some of the incidents in the New Testament, in which the person of our Lord is prominently engaged. These notes are comprised in about two hundred pages of the first volume of the work now published by Lady Eastlake; but they are a very small contribution to the whole design, and it is to the present editor, far more than to the original projector of the book, that the high honor belongs of having completed it. Without the slightest wish to detract from Mrs. Jameson's acknowledged merit and well-earned reputation, it is in some respects fortunate that this work has been executed with a breadth of research and a force of style to which that amiable and accomplished woman laid no claim. In Mrs.

Jameson's criticisms the sentimental character predominated: she expressed gracefully, though not always without affectation, the effect produced by a picture on her mind and heart; but her knowledge of the objective history of art was neither very accurate nor very profound. To do her full justice, we will borrow one of her own elegant sentences to describe the part she wished to fill. The Introduction to the "Sacred and Legendary Art," concludes in the following words:—

"Let none imagine that in placing before the uninitiated these unpretending volumes, I assume any such superiority as is here implied. Like a child that has sprung on a little way before its playmates, and caught a glimpse through an opening portal of some varied Eden within, all gay with flowers and musical with birds, and haunted by divine shapes which beckon forward, and after one rapturous survey, runs back and catches its companions by the hand and hurries them forwards to share the new-found pleasure, the yet unexplored region of delight, even so it is with me,—I am on the outside, not the inside, of the door I open."

We think, therefore, that this work has gained in excellence by the transfer of the most difficult portion of it to the hands of the accomplished wife of Sir Charles Eastlake. Lady Eastlake herself is known to be an artist of no common powers, unsurpassed, indeed, in the perfection of her pencil drawings; she uses her pen with great force and felicity; she has an earnestness of character and strength of conviction, which manifests itself in these pages with what some may regard as extreme intensity; and she has the inappreciable advantage of the most intimate connection with the president of the Royal Academy,—an artist and a critic unequalled in Europe for his thorough acquaintance with the early Italian schools of painting. These are gifts and opportunities which no one in this country could possess to the same extent as Lady Eastlake, and accordingly she has produced a work of the highest merit, combining the taste and refinement of her own mind with stores of knowledge and a maturity of judgment in which we may be permitted to trace the influence of her nearest adviser. The selection of the illustrations of these volumes (amounting, we suppose, to some hundreds) is extremely interesting; the galleries of Italy and the inexhaustible stores of the British Museum have been

laid under contribution, and a vast number of designs brought to light which are but little known to the public; and these designs have been reproduced in etchings and woodcuts of great spirit and fidelity, chiefly drawn by Mr. Edward Poynter and Miss Clara Lane.

It happens, by a fortunate coincidence, that at the very time when these volumes are placed before the public, the magnificent large paper edition of the New Testament, illustrated with woodcuts and ornaments entirely taken from the finest period of the Italian schools, on which Mr. Longman had long been personally engaged, has also been completed. It is not too much to say, that in the history of wood-engraving this volume has no equal. It is a gallery of the Christian history, popularized but not vulgarized by the extraordinary perfection to which this branch of art is now carried in this country. The only criticism we have heard addressed to it is that it ceases to be wood-engraving, because it has acquired the minuteness and finish of engraving on steel; no doubt it has those qualities; but it combines them with a softness and tone which no steel engraving ever yet gave. In the designs he has selected, Mr. Longman has not sought to retain anything of the stiff archaic character of the earlier ages of faith; he has taken them almost entirely from that period when the arts in Italy had attained the highest point of beauty and grace. Though, if we were to point out the two specimens which strike us as most exquisite and appropriate, we should select the two pages from Pietro Perugino at the beginning of the volume and at the end of the Gospels. Hence this unique edition is as harmonious in its character as if it had been executed within the limits of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Lady Eastlake had an entirely different object in view. Her design was to trace the progress of Christian art, from its first symbolical rudiments on the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus and in the Roman catacombs, through all the ages of the church; she naturally lingers with predilection over the devout simplicity of the elder schools; and she contends that if the works of the crowning age of Italian art—the age of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian—are to be tried by the strict religious test, they fall short in her eyes of the mystic beauty of Fra Angelico.

Mrs. Jameson remarked at the outset of

her work that all sacred representations, in as far as they appeal to sentiment and imagination, resolve themselves into two great classes, which she proposed to call the *devotional* and the *historical*. Some such distinction pervades the whole subject; but the term *mystical* might, we think, be substituted with advantage for the term *devotional*. A devotional picture does not necessarily bear a supernatural character. The true distinction lies rather between those works in which real personages and events are represented, within the known conditions of human life, as in the Cartoons of Raphael, the Raising of Lazarus by Sebastian del Piombo, the Last Supper at Milan, or the sacred etchings of Rembrandt; and those works which are intended to excite feelings of awe and devotion by their supernatural character, that is, by the representation of persons and events transcending all human experience, and invested by the imagination of the artist with divine attributes, with symbolical meanings, or with some conventional relation to the mysteries of the Christian faith. The former class of pictures is, of course, purely and sincerely historical; it addresses itself alike to all men at all times; it walks by sight rather than by faith. The latter class we would term *mystical*, because the meaning and character of such works addresses itself principally to the faith of the beholder; and whatever may be the grace and beauty of the work itself, artistically considered, it cannot fail to lose something of its original influence, if the faculty to which it addressed itself is departed.

The question, therefore, arises at the outset of an inquiry into the History of Christian Art, more especially as it regards the representation of the person of our Lord, how far the arts may, without transgressing the immutable bounds of truth, nature, and taste, aim at the representation of that which must be admitted to surpass all human powers of conception and execution. In order to convey to the soul of the beholder emotions of this elevated nature, the artist has recourse to symbols and conventional forms, designed to give a transcendental character to what would otherwise be the vigor of a human arm or the beauty of a human face. But in compositions of this nature there is a want of reality, which leaves us cold and unimpassioned, since we have ceased to believe that

they are in any respect the likeness of what they profess to represent. The higher the object to be represented, the more impossible is it to recognize the ineffable conception of what Milton termed with a noble obscurity "the Sovran Presence" in the person of a hoary being, in whom age is used for majesty, or mechanical force for almighty power. We look back with something akin to veneration on works of this character when they are hallowed by antiquity, because the intelligent spectator endeavors to place himself in the state of mind of those ages of intense faith, when every legend had the weight of Gospel truth, and every person in the sacred history was supposed to bear the very semblance and body assigned to him by tradition. But if any man were in these days to attempt to give form, shape, and color to the Infinite and the Invisible, the result would be pitiable, or revolting, or intolerable. And if this be true, it is not necessarily because there is less of faith in the verities of religion,—there may be more, and especially there may be faith of a more spiritual character,—but the mystical language of early Christian art has, to a great extent, lost its meaning, and in losing its true meaning it has become legendary and mythological.

It is laid down in the opening chapter of the volumes before us that "all Christian art revolves, as a system round a sun, about the sacred head of Christ, always intended under any aspect, real or ideal, to be looked upon as God; that Christian art pre-eminently illustrates faith in Christ as 'God manifest in the flesh,' as 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;' and that without these great fundamental truths of Christianity there is no Christian art, either in fact or in possibility."* If these axioms, as Lady Eastlake considers them, were confined to what we have termed the mystical class of religious paintings, essentially transcendental and supernatural in their aim and character, we should not dispute their truth; though we might retain some doubt whether the physical representation of the Deity falls or can fall within the scope of the human faculties. But in point of fact a very large portion of the noblest works of Christian art do undoubtedly represent our Lord "being found in fashion as a man," living, teaching, suffering, dying among men. They

* Vol. i. p. 1.

may bear, as no doubt they ought to bear, an impress of divinity, conveyed by an ideal beauty, serenity, and wisdom; but they differ essentially from those inventions of the earlier ages which in their attempts at the divine did not always come up to the human. We hope we shall not be misunderstood (for we speak of this subject with unfeigned reverence) if we venture to add that the uncouth and grotesque forms in which the mysteries of the Christian religion were sometimes represented from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries, not to speak of the ruder images of the same sacred objects which exist to the present day in Roman Catholic countries, are not always distinguishable from the blood-smeared idols and monsters polluted by pagan rites, or hallowed, in the eyes of some races of men, by idolatry. If faith alone is to draw the line between that which is of art and that which is of superstition, we run some risk of applying a test of theology instead of a canon of taste. With theology we here profess to have nothing whatever to do; but the most safe, intelligible, and enduring portion of Christian art is that which confines itself within the boundaries of nature and humanity.

We find, indeed, from another passage in her Introduction, that Lady Eastlake herself takes a somewhat different view of this matter. She observes that,—

"It is a mistake to suppose that a picture can convey the double sense of Christ as he appeared to those around him, and as he is beheld through the eye of belief! Art, by its essential conditions, has but one moment to speak, and one form of expression to utter. . . . There must be always a compromise (in art) between what we have termed temporary fact and permanent truth, and that at the expense of the least important of the two. The painter cannot if he would represent one image to the actor and another to the spectator; for he has but one image to give at all. . . . We must, therefore, in the task before us, keep in mind that the object of Christian art is the instruction and edification of ourselves, not any abstract and impossible unity of ideas that cannot be joined together."

The interference we should draw from these propositions is that abstract religious truth has very little to do with religious art. "Temporary fact," and not "permanent truth," is all that the artist can really de-

piet. Things must be painted, not as they are, but as they appear,—the abstract in the concrete, the infinite in the finite, substance in its accidents,—whence it follows that "temporary fact" is to the artist by no means the "least important" part of his subject. To instruct and edify may be the work of the preacher; but the artist addresses himself through the eyes to the imagination and the feelings, which are quite as easily excited by mere fiction as by the truths of the Gospel itself. The sentiments awakened by a fine picture may be religious; but they cannot be measured by the standard of orthodoxy. Are we to turn aside from Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, or Guercino's Entombment of Saint Petronilla, because we do not pay divine honors to the Virgin Mary, or believe in the miracles of the Romish Calendar? If so, it would result that a Protestant critic is incapable of appreciating a Catholic painting, and that a freethinker would have no sense of Christian art at all. The truth is, that these considerations have nothing to do with the result in art, except inasmuch as they may have affected the mind of the painter; and the attempt to estimate the truth and beauty of a picture by a reference to some abstract and invisible standard of faith is to travel entirely beyond the limits of art.

The legend of St. Christopher is as pure a figment as any nursery-tale, and the other traditions of what was termed "the Gospel of Infancy" are certainly less than apocryphal; but these considerations do not lessen our admiration of the stout hermit who bore the babe across the waters at the dawn, in the Boisseree collection, or of the touching image of one of Guido's infant Christs sleeping beside the cross. Such incidents are, if you will, perfectly unreal; but the sentiment is devotional and the execution delightful. The marriage of the Virgin, represented by Raphael with exquisite grace in the picture now in the Brera, is, no doubt, a legendary rather than a scriptural incident; but it is the very type of pure and religious beauty. Indeed, all the legends of the Virgin Mary which have been the subjects of innumerable works of the highest merit in Catholic art, and are treated with admirable grace, tenderness, and skill by Mrs. Jameson in her volume on the Madonna, would be proscribed if they are brought to the test of the Gospel

narratives or of Protestant orthodoxy. These are works of the imagination, addressed to the sentiment and fancy of the beholder, and though they are in one sense true to the rules of taste and nature, they lay no claim to historical truth or dogmatical accuracy.

Lady Eastlake contends in more than one passage that soundness in art may be identified with soundness in theology, and that when, for example, painting has been led to transgress the bounds of scriptural truth in fact or doctrine, it runs great risk of committing a heresy in art. (Vol. ii. p. 266.) Thus she censures the Catholic tradition of Christ falling beneath the weight of the cross, although it has given us the "Spasimo di Sicilia" of Raphael and innumerable other works of great pathos and beauty, because that incident is not recorded in the Gospel narratives of the crucifixion, and appears to her to be inconsistent with the sublime lesson of the endurance of our Lord. But the great religious painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were, without exception, members of a church which has never regarded the Scripture narratives as the sole record of Christian tradition. The men of those ages to whom these works were addressed shared the same faith. Christian art, as they understood it, had necessarily a far wider range than the letter of the four Gospels; and although we may have ceased to share their theological opinions, that is no reason that we should not admire and appreciate their works. In fact, the standard of Anglican Protestantism is as inapplicable to such works as the standard of Christianity itself would be to the religion of the Greeks, represented by the Ludovisi Juno or the Belvedere Apollo. Take, for instance, the doctrine of the Real Presence, which inspired such works as Raphael's "Dispute of the Sacrament," as Rubens' "Triumph of Faith," as Herrera's "Elevation of the Host." Will any one contend that the artistic merit of these works is diminished by the circumstance that the subject of them is contradicted by several of the Thirty-nine Articles? Are the pictures of the Virgin by Murillo at Seville and elsewhere less admirable to us because they are painted in strict obedience to the Franciscan view of the Immaculate Conception? That very abstruse and much controverted doctrine has been the source of more religious paintings, perhaps, than any article

of the Creed; but we may be content to admire the works without assenting to the new article of faith.* The contrary proposition would be a palpable absurdity; and we think Lady Eastlake has been led to advance an untenable theory from a well-meant desire to combine her own standard of orthodoxy with the laws of criticism. It is certain that the most irreproachable divinity would fail to give value to a bad picture; and we do not admit that any amount of heterodoxy or legend detracts from the merit of a good one. In truth, no criticism, deserving the name, can be maintained on so fallacious a principle.

For this reason we shall presently turn to the second volume of Lady Eastlake's work, with more entire concurrence than we can pretend to feel in her criticisms on the earlier painters of the Catholic schools. She has traced in this introductory portion the iconography of the Creator, under forms often repugnant to good taste, and always painfully inadequate to the conception which may be formed of the origin of the world from the sublime language of Genesis. Didron, Grimm, and numerous other writers on primitive Christian art, had previously presented us with a survey of this part of the subject. M. Feuillet de Conches, in the first volume of his instructive and entertaining "Causeries d'un Curieux" (p. 89), has filled pages with the mere titles of the books upon it. Mrs. Jameson had herself touched upon it in her "Sacred and Legendary Art;" and we ourselves entered so fully on the early disputes as to the personal appearance of our Lord, in our review of that book (*Ed. Rev.*, vol. lxxxix. p. 381), that it would be superfluous to revert to them.

No doubt the Creation, the Fall of Adam and Eve, and the whole series of what are called the "Patriarchal Types of Christ," may be said, in an enlarged sense, to belong to the history of Christianity, and they were largely and familiarly represented by those artists who were the first expositors of the Old and New Testament to the eyes of an illiterate people; but these incidents and he-

* Mrs. Jameson has given, in her "Legends of the Madonna" (p. 45), a very interesting account of the introduction of the "Immaculate Conception," as a subject of Catholic art, by the painters of the seventeenth century, and of the specific rules laid down by the Spaniard Pacheco from ecclesiastical authority for its proper treatment.

roes of the elder dispensation and the Hebrew records belong to the history of the Jews rather than to the matchless and affecting history of the life and death of Christ: their connection with him is typical, symbolical, sometimes legendary, but always in the strict sense of the term *unreal*. He who places before our eyes the serene wisdom and the endless beneficence of the Saviour, as he lived, gives a form to events seen in the clear light of historical certainty. He who would convey to us the mysterious connection between the life of Christ and events preceeding the origin of the world, or coeval with the twilight of our race, calls upon the imagination to create what is, in fact, susceptible of no tangible representation. The extraction of a rib from the side of Adam by a surgical operation,—the marriage of Adam and Eve by the Creator robed as a high-priest,—the grotesque representations of the serpent in an apple-tree, which are all figured in these volumes from some of the earliest ivories or church paintings, are in truth mere caricatures of religious tradition, derived quite as much from the conceits of the rabbinical and patristic writers as from the language of the Bible; and far from adding to the sanctity of religious art, they detract from it. The early Christians in their sarcophagi, their diptychs, and their paintings still visible in the Roman catacombs, touched on these things with a delicacy and a reverence that was afterwards lost. They represented the Bible narrative by conventional signs and symbols,—they abstained religiously from representing the divine Being at all, save by the shadow of his glory or by the finger of his power.*

* Lady Eastlake quotes (vol. ii. p. 263) apparently with approval an exceedingly rude ivory, now at Munich, and certainly of a very early date, perhaps the fifth century, in which the Resurrection is coarsely represented. "Christ young, beardless, and beautiful, with no nimbus, is rushing rather than rising from the tomb, *his eager, extended hand grasped by the hand of the Almighty above.*" Lady Eastlake adds, "No subsequent conception of the actual scene approaches this in power of expression; here is a reality which, though in one respect of a symbolic kind, takes the imagination by storm," etc. We are entirely unable to concur in these remarks. Nothing speaks less to the imagination, or carries less power of expression, than the rude conceit that Christ was, as it were, pulled from the tomb by a hand stretched down from the clouds. It is to our apprehension simply barbarous, and only to be forgiven in consideration of a very primitive or degraded state of art. The draperies of the figures on this ivory are purely classical, and

If the iconography of Christ is to be traced back to the origin of all things, and to the incunabula of art, it is not in the annals of painting that the most interesting and appropriate representations of these mysteries are to be found; and in this respect we remark a very great *lacuna*, not only in Lady Eastlake's carefully prepared volumes, but in almost all the other works which have in modern times treated of these subjects, with the exception, indeed, of the volume by M. Didron, "*Iconographie Chrétienne.*" Christian sculpture attained considerable excellence two or three centuries before Christian painting, and it was allied in the closest degree to the best period of Christian architecture. But Christian sculpture has been far less studied and observed than the later productions of the pencil and the brush. It is not the less true that, in order to follow in historical detail the germination of Christian art from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, the vast series of sculptures which decorated, and, indeed, still adorn, the noble fabrics of those ages, should be carefully examined. On the exterior of the Cathedral of Our Lady of Chartres, eighteen hundred and fourteen statues presented to the faithful the whole cycle of the faith; at Reims, at Laon, in the marvellous wood-carvings of the choir of Amiens, in the west front of our own Wells,* and in countless other churches, may be found, from the foundations to the groining of the nave, an infinite variety of sculptures, all repeating in somewhat analogous forms the same narratives of the Old and New Testaments, which were thus conveyed to the eye and mind of the people, but above all things the Resurrection and Glory of our Lord. To these sculptures must be added the painted glass, coeval in many instances with the fabric, as at Bourges, and intended so is the tomb; we regard it, therefore, as a specimen of very debased Roman art, adapted to the faith of Christians, but not an early or true work of Christian art at all.

* An excellent description of the sculpture at Wells will be found in the first part of Mr. Murray's "*Handbook to the English Cathedrals.*"—a work which has placed within the reach of every one an accurate and graphic description of these great monuments of the faith of our fathers. Mr. Cockrell considered that the ninety-two compositions of the Resurrection at Wells are "startling in significance, pathos, and expression,—worthy of John of Pisa, or of a greater man, John Flaxman;" indeed, Flaxman himself, exhibited at the Academy drawings he had made from those of the Wells compositions.

ed in like manner to represent the series of the Gospel narratives.* Where the subject is so vast and the material so abundant, it may seem ungracious to point out any omissions, since it is obvious that no writer can attempt to embrace the whole range of Christian art. But we think it should be stated, that with the exception of some reference to the sarcophagi, the jewels, the enamels, and the ivories of the earlier Christian ages, Lady Eastlake's researches, like those of Mrs. Jameson, have been chiefly directed to the history of Christian *painting*, a branch of art which can hardly be said to have attained any excellence in the Latin Church before the fourteenth century. A gap, therefore, intervenes which includes precisely the most devout ages of faith,—those ages which reared the great cathedrals of France, England, Germany, and Italy, and peopled them with statues. These statues and bas-reliefs did, in fact, create the types which the painters were afterwards fain to adopt; and it is hardly possible to explain the growth and subsequent development of art without tracing it back to this plastic period. The earliest paintings of sacred subjects were obviously much nearer akin to the stone images from which they were taken than to the living beings they were afterwards held to represent.

It would lead us too far from the immediate subject of these pages, to attempt to trace the influence of sculpture upon painting; but it might be shown that the former has in all ages preceded and guided the first efforts of the latter art, and that both of them must be viewed in their relation to architecture.

* Mrs. Jameson has cursorily described, in one of her brief contributions to Lady Eastlake's volumes, the frequent introduction of the parable of Lazarus and the Rich Man in bas-relief over the south door of cathedrals, the entrance most frequented by mendicants, and the painting of the whole story in one of the magnificent windows of Bourges. So, too, she observes that the whole parable of the Prodigal Son is treated in a magnificent window of the north transept of Chartres, in seventeen lights of a window at Bourges, and in a similar number at Sens. These are only specimens; but a careful examination of the painted glass of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries would supply innumerable examples in which this form of art was adapted to the uses of the church; and, curiously enough, it has been revived in our own time with great splendor and completeness, where certainly we least expected to see it,—in the old Cathedral of St. Mungo, at Glasgow. But the history of colored glass lights requires a book and illustrations to itself.

Sculpture was already largely employed in the decoration of the great churches, which were at once the sanctuaries, the halls of assembly, the schools, the galleries, and the tombs of mediæval society, whilst painting was still confined to the minute adornment of the missal or the book of hours. When painting entered the church, it was for the purpose of mural ornament, but still in a position ancillary to sculpture; and even in the later works of the greatest artists, as in the Sistine Chapel, it is impossible to seize the harmony and adjustment of the composition without regarding its architectural character and its general imitation of plastic forms. Hence the peculiar distribution and connection of the earlier Christian paintings, and the difficulty of arriving at their true character unless they are studied, as it were, in the sense of the statuesque compositions and figures which preceded them.*

The Christian painters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period, working chiefly for the decoration of churches and other religious edifices in Roman Catholic countries, selected those subjects which were most appropriate to the faith of the people,—and these subjects were copiously mingled with the legendary creations of religious tradition. They left comparatively untouched many scenes, taken from the Gospel narratives, which are peculiarly consonant to the sympathy and the taste of our own times. The notes of Mrs. Jameson, incorporated by Lady Eastlake in the latter portion of her first volume, chiefly relate to these incidents. Some of them are already familiar to us in the works of the great masters, though, as in the case of the "Massacre of the Innocents," they cannot be regarded as either pleasing or edifying. Many others, however, have been comparatively unattempted; and we advert to them here, because it is evident that they afford the most attractive field for modern artists in relation to the imperishable truths of the Christian religion. The subject of "Christ disputing with the Doctors" cannot be classed among those scriptural subjects

* The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is made by Michael Angelo to stimulate a raised and open roof, intersected by lunettes; in the throne-like niches between these lunettes he has seated the sublime figures of the Sibyls and the Prophets; but their character and attitudes are statuesque, and they bear to the whole painted composition the same relation which statues would bear to a real edifice.

which have not been much painted. On the contrary, Luini's exquisite treatment of it, and Rembrandt's noble etching, are familiar to every one; but it is worth while to remark how keen was the interest excited amongst all classes of the English people by Mr. Holman Hunt's interesting reproduction of this well-known subject. More than one hundred thousand persons flocked at their own cost to see it: and although it may not in all respects have satisfied the ideal conception of the youthful Saviour, and of her "who had sought him sorrowing," yet the reality of the details, the solemn dignity of the sages of the law, the local truth of the scene, and the extreme care of the execution, inspired intense delight, and proved the inexhaustible power and influence of religious painting thus understood. The same may be said of a work of far higher beauty and grandeur,—the loftiest production of the English school,—Mr. Herbert's painting of the "Descent of Moses from the Mount with the Tables of the Law," which adorns—and will, we trust, forever adorn—one of the chambers of the House of Lords. Although the scene it represents is the great fundamental fact of the Old Testament, and the revelation of the primal code of God's law to man, yet that fact is the basis of the Christian Revelation likewise; and when the series is completed by the execution of the "Sermon on the Mount," which we trust the same great artist will be enabled to undertake, we shall possess two works of the highest value and interest. This is not the place to criticise in detail their artistic excellence: we are now only dealing with them as exalted specimens of what may still be done for subjects taken from the ancient and hallowed themes of religious art. But we hold their merit of execution to be in no degree inferior to their grandeur of conception; and we believe that they will stand a comparison with the noblest productions of human genius in any age. In one important point of view these modern paintings of Scripture subjects differ radically from the treatment of similar subjects by the old masters. It never seems to have crossed their minds that the events of the Old and New Testament occurred in an Eastern land and among an Eastern people. The Jews of Rembrandt are indeed Jews; and this circumstance gives a marvellous reality to his gospel etchings; but they are the Jews of

the synagogue rather than of the temple,—of Amsterdam rather than of Jerusalem. In the whole range of the schools of Catholic art, the accessories of scenery, architecture, costumes, and race are purely conventional: not only did those painters not aspire to represent Judea and its people, but they represent places and men who never had any real existence in the shapes and dresses assigned to them. If there be any merit, any beauty, any truth in the attempt to represent these events, in some measure, as they may have appeared to those who witnessed them, that is a region of art still almost untrodden; and we only trust that our artists, in drawing nearer to the actual reality of the scenes and the times they portray, will lose nothing of that ideal verisimilitude and resemblance which is, after all, the highest quality of art.

Mrs. Jameson's list of the pictures illustrating the familiar scenes of the Gospel history, and some of the miracles and the parables of our Lord is interesting but incomplete. The "Sermon on the Mount" remains, it appears, for Mr. Herbert: we are not aware that any artist has attempted it with success on a large scale; for Claude's picture under this name in the Grosvenor Gallery is at most a fine Claude landscape. The "Tribute Money" can hardly be painted again after Titian, or the "Raising of Lazarus," after Sebastian, or the "Transfiguration," after Raphael; these works have become our conception of reality. But the exquisite domestic incidents of the Gospel—"Christ blessing little Children," the "Prodigal Son," the Miracles of Healing, the Scenes at Bethany—admit of greater variety of treatment and will ever continue to awaken sympathy and love in the beholder. Nothing has been seen in modern times more deeply interesting and more touching than those small canvases on which Paul de la Roche showed us the interior of the disconsolate house to which the Virgin Mary and the Beloved Apostle may have retired after the closing scene at the foot of the cross. All was over. The immortal hope had not yet broken even on them. They had yet to watch and wait in the gloom of bereavement and desolation till the dawn of the third day. These emotions the artist has by some means conveyed to the spectator. There are few examples in art of so deep a moral interest, rendered by means so simple. This is pre-

cisely what the associations of religion with art enable it to awaken, and what it is yet within the scope of modern art to effect. Among the productions of modern art especially referring to the life of Christ, the "Temptation" and the "Christus Consolator" of Ary Scheffer were entitled to a place in these volumes,—the former, representing with singular power the mysterious conflict between the sinless majesty of the Redeemer and the subtle energy of evil,—the latter, a picture impossible in the earlier ages of faith and art, inasmuch as it embraces the broadest conception of the wrongs and sufferings and sorrows of humanity, seeking and finding relief at the seat of perfect justice and perfect love. If Christian art is to follow, as we believe it must, the evolution of Christianity itself, in its sustained relation to the progress of mankind, to more intense and affectionate sympathies, to an enlarged interest in the destinies of our race, to more serene reliance upon the beneficent purposes of the Creator for the redemption of his creatures, then assuredly the quaint and mystical conceptions of the mediæval painters, and even the more splendid creations of the later schools, are not its supreme efforts or its noblest triumphs; and the growth of religious art will bear its due proportion to the growth of a devout and enlightened religious spirit in the world.

In the ascetic ages of Christianity, when the soul was believed to be purified by the penances, the mortifications, and even the tortures inflicted on the body, the representation of pain and suffering, humbly endured for the love of God, was the all-pervading theme of art. This principle culminated in the most terrible of all sacrifices,—the most sublime of all examples,—in the passion of our Lord. Hence the scenes which occurred between the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, to keep his last passover, and the final victory of the Redeemer over death, are those to which the genius, invention, and skill of man have been most constantly devoted; and it is probable that the works of art representing or bearing upon these deeply touching events exceed both in number and importance all the other productions of the Christian schools. It is not, therefore, surprising that these subjects occupy a very large portion of these volumes; and indeed it may be said that the second portion of the work is

almost entirely devoted to it. Following the traditional division of the history, adopted as early as the fourteenth century by Duccio in the series at Sienna, and by Giotto in the Arena Chapel,—which, indeed, had been taken (as we have already hinted) from the Christian statuary of the preceding centuries,—Lady Eastlake has performed this important part of her task with great force and method. The narrative is admirably arranged. The examples cited are extremely various and interesting. The criticism on some of the chief works inspired by these scenes is of the highest eloquence and excellence. We shall not attempt to follow the accomplished writer through these details; but we propose to introduce as a fine specimen of her discrimination and graphic power a passage which will be read by every one with interest and admiration,—we mean the criticism on the "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci at Milan.

"It remains, therefore, for us to consider the person of our Lord as given in the representations of the Last Supper, and we approach it necessarily, as will be shown, through those of his companions. Considered merely in the sense of art, we may say that there was too little in the nature of this subject for so many figures, all men, to do. Eleven out of the twelve were to be represented devout, earnest, and faithful, and Judas even decorous in demeanor. Many of them, too, were of the same age, most of them attired in the same kind of costume; while the introduction of their attributes was altogether incompatible with the occasion. Thus, the distinction of one apostle from another strikes us at the very outset as a difficulty which, in the case of sculpture, as in the cathedral at Lodi, or of wood-carving, as in Adam Kraft's work in the Church of St. Lawrence at Nuremberg, is further increased by the absence of color. This was doubtless the reason, in early times, for the insertion of the names in the glories, and, perhaps, for the exaggerated nature of the position of St. John, and of the character of Judas, which seem to have been seized upon as the only salient points. The discrimination of the characters and individualities of all, or even most, of these passive and almost uniform figures, required, therefore, nothing short of the utmost refinement of observation and power of expression. These conditions, it is obvious, could only be fulfilled by a mind and hand of the highest order.

"But here another difficulty presented itself. The apostles, after all, were but the subordinates in the piece; such expression

and character as could at best be given them depended entirely on the part which belonged to the principal actor. In representing him, the artist had to choose between two modes of conception, each equally encumbered with objections. Our Lord might be depicted, as he has often been, in the act of blessing the bread and wine, and with his hand raised in prayer,—an action full of grace for him, and which clearly conveyed his part in the story to the comprehension of the beholder, but one which, occupying him alone, left his companions little more than lay figures; or our Lord might be represented as engaged in no actual act at all, but simply in the character of one uttering, or having just uttered, a few words expressive of deep and mournful mental conviction. But such a moment, however easily described in words, is not so easily painted. These words, however full of meaning for the mind, offer none to the eye (for the giving the sop to Judas, a very unpleasant incident in the sense of art, which, in the difficulty of telling the tale, was frequently resorted to in early works, belonged to another and later moment). Moreover, our Lord did not address these words to one apostle more than another, still less to any one out of the picture. Nay, words spoken thus, in the deep abstraction of prophetic vision, would have produced the same effect on the hearer, had the speaker been even invisible. And yet those words were indispensable to rouse all these lay figures into appropriate, though requisitely minute, indications of individual character. It was plain, therefore, that only he who could paint the ‘troubled spirit’ of Jesus as it breathed forth the plaintive sentence, ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me,’ would have the power to touch that spring which alone could set the rest of the delicate machinery in motion.

“We need not say who did fulfil these conditions, nor whose Last Supper it is—all ruined and defaced as it may be—which alone rouses the heart of the spectator as effectually as that incomparable shadow in the centre has roused the feelings of the dim forms on each side of him. Leonardo da Vinci’s *Cena*, to all who consider this grand subject through the medium of art, is the Last Supper; there is no other. Various representations exist, and by the highest names in art, but they do not touch the subtle spring. Compared with this *chef d’œuvre*, their Last Suppers are mere exhibitions of well-drawn, draped, or colored figures, in studiously varied attitudes, which excite no emotion beyond the admiration due to these qualities. It is no wonder that Leonardo should have done little or nothing more after the execution, in his forty-sixth year, of that stupendous pic-

ture. It was not in man not to be fastidious, who had such an unapproachable standard of his own powers perpetually standing in his path.

“Let us now consider this figure of Christ more closely.

“It is not sufficient to say that our Lord has just uttered this sentence; we must endeavor to define in what, in his own person, the visible proof of his having spoken consists. The painter has cast the eyes down,—an action which generally detracts from the expression of a face. Here, however, no such loss is felt. The outward sight, it is true, is in abeyance, but the intensest sense of inward vision has taken its place. Our Lord is looking into himself,—that self which knew ‘all things,’ and therefore needed not to lift his mortal lids to ascertain what effect his words had produced. The honest indignation of the apostles, the visible perturbation of the traitor, are each right in their place, and for the looker-on; but they are nothing to him. Thus here at once the highest power and refinement of art is shown, by the conversion of what in most hands would have been an insipidity into the means of expression best suited to the moment. The inclination of the head, and the expression of every feature, all contribute to the same intention. This is not the heaviness or even the repose of previous silence. On the contrary, the head has not yet risen, nor the muscles of the face subsided from the act of mournful speech. It is just the evanescent moment which all true painters yearn to catch, and which few but painters are wont to observe,—when the tones have ceased, but the lips are sealed,—when, for an instant, the face repeats to the eye what the voice has said to the ear. No one who has studied that head can doubt that our Lord has just spoken: the sounds are not there; but they have not travelled far into space.

“Much, too, in the general speech of this head is owing to the skill with which, while conveying one particular idea, the painter has suggested no other. Beautiful as the face is, there is no other beauty but that which ministers to this end. We know not whether the head be handsome or picturesque, masculine or feminine in type,—whether the eye be liquid, the cheeks ruddy, the hair smooth, or the beard curling,—as we know with such painful certainty in other representations. All we feel is, that the wave of one intense meaning has passed over the whole countenance, and left its impress alike on every part. Sorrow is the predominant expression,—that sorrow which, as we have said in our Introduction, distinguishes the Christian’s God, and which binds him, by a sympathy no fabled deity ever claimed, with the fallen

and suffering race of Adam,—his very words have given himself more pain than they have to his hearers, and a pain he cannot expend in protestations as they do; for for this, as for every other act of his life, came he into the world.

“But we must not linger with the face alone; no hands ever did such intellectual service as those which lie spread on that table. They, too, have just fallen into that position,—one so full of meaning to us, and so unconsciously assumed by him,—and they will retain it no longer than the eye which is down and the head which is sunk. A special intention on the painter's part may be surmised in the opposite action of each hand: the palm of one so graciously and bountifully open to all who are weary and heavy laden, the other averted, yet not closed, as if deprecating its own symbolic office. Or we may consider their position as applicable to this particular scene only; the one hand saying, ‘Of those that thou hast given me none is lost,’ and the other, which lies near Judas, ‘except the son of perdition.’ Or, again, we may give a still narrower definition, and interpret this averted hand as directing the eye, in some sort, to the hand of Judas which lies nearest it, ‘Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table.’ Not that the science of Christian iconography has been adopted here; for the welcoming and condemning functions of the respective hands have been reversed,—in reference, probably, to Judas, who sits on our Lord's right. Or we may give up attributing symbolic intentions of any kind to the painter, —a source of pleasure to the spectator more often justifiable than justified,—and simply give him credit for having, by his own exquisite feeling alone, so placed the hands as to make them thus minister to a variety of suggestions. Either way these grand and pathetic members stand as pre-eminent as the head in the pictorial history of our Lord, having seldom been equalled in beauty of form, and never in power of speech.

“Thus much has been said upon this figure of our Lord, because no other representation approaches so near the ideal of his person. Time, ignorance, and violence have done their worst upon it; but it may be doubted whether it ever suggested more overpowering feelings than in its present battered and defaced condition, scarcely now to be called a picture, but a fitter emblem of Him who was ‘despised and rejected of men.’”

No work in the whole range of Christian art combines in such perfection ideal beauty and grandeur with historic truth. The Christ of Leonardo has a divinity about it which transcends all other human creations, whilst

the scene is rendered with a dramatic force and truth to make one feel as if the Last Supper itself had occurred in that forsaken refectory. No mystical painter was ever more sublime: no historical painter was ever more real.

But in spite of the predilection which Lady Eastlake avows and justifies for the Christian artists of the earlier Catholic schools,—a predilection which goes so far as to lead her to treat Michael Angelo and Raphael as religious painters with some severity,—yet she does ample justice to the remarkable power with which these sacred subjects have been handled by one northern artist,—Rembrandt. Several of his finest etchings are reproduced in these volumes with great effect; the following passage stands somewhat in need of such an illustration; but it is so remarkable that we transfer it to our own ungraphic pages:—

“There was another master about to appear in the plains of Holland, who was destined, while adhering to the so-called reality, and even vulgarity, of these Northern schools, to retrieve both by the spell of the highest moral and picturesque power. That ‘inspired Dutchman,’ as Mrs. Jameson has called Rembrandt, threw all his grand and uncouth soul into this subject. He painted it once in chiaroscuro (dated 1634), and treated it twice in an etching, each time historically. We give an etching. The incident takes place in the open air. A crowd is round and behind our Lord; a crowd is importunately pressing upon Pilate, and below is more than a crowd—rather a furious sea of heads—vanishing beneath an archway, of which we see neither the beginning nor the end. A figure in front, connecting this multitude with the group before Pilate, is extending a hand over the seething mass, as if enjoining patience. Far off in the gloom, another figure, borne apparently on the shoulders of the multitude, is gesticulating to the same effect in the opposite direction, both seeing numbers invisible to us. The conception of our Saviour departs from all our theories; he is not looking at the people, or at any one. His head and eyes are uplifted, not in protest or in prayer, but in communion with his Father. The people are not even looking at him; for Rembrandt well knew that such a multitude, in this state of violent excitement, are incapable of fixing their attention upon anything. The Christ is neither beautiful nor grand in the usual sense, nor is there any glory round his head; nevertheless, a light seems to emanate from his person, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. One face alone has appar-

ently caught the suspicion that this is no common culprit. It is a hard-featured soldier near him, who is wrapt in thought. But the group before Pilate is the prominent and master stroke. Rembrandt must have witnessed incidents which had told him that there is no earnestness like that of fanaticism. These are not the mere brutes who bawl from infection, and who can be blown about with every wind, such as we see in former representations; these are the real Jews, and this is the real Pilate—vacillating, bending in indecision, with his expressive, outstretched, self-excusing hands and false, temporizing face—who has no chance before them. It is not so much the clutch on his robe by one, or the glaring eye and furious open mouth of another, or the old Jew, hoary in wickedness, who threatens him with the fury of the multitude; but it is the dreadful earnest face, upturned and riveted on his, of the figure kneeling before him,—it is the tightly compressed lips of that man who could not entreat more persistently for his own life than he is pleading for the death of the Prisoner. Rembrandt has given to this figure the dignity, because the power, of a malignant delusion: horribly fine. This is a truly realistic conception of such a scene, which has a grandeur of its own, in contradistinction to those improperly so called; for the reality of mere brutality is not a subject for art at all. Rembrandt, in executing this etching, may be conceived to have had the second Psalm

in his view: 'Why do the heathen so furiously rage together; and why do the people imagine a vain thing?' Yet the master has exquisitely contrived the full effect of a scene of violence, without shocking the most refined spectator. Not a sign of it approaches our Lord's person, who, as long as he is in the custody of the Roman soldiers, is guarded by a form of law; while the furious crowd below is so wrapt in Rembrandt gloom as to suggest every horror to the imagination, and give none to the eye. But 'the vain thing' is seen without disguise in that urgent group before the wavering Roman, embodying the strength of an evil principle against which nothing can prevail but that 'Truth' which Pilate knows not."

These quotations will give the reader an impression of the fervor and eloquence which Lady Eastlake has thrown into her undertaking; but the varied research, the copious information, the careful comparison of the different ages and schools of art, which mark these volumes, will best be judged of by those who make them companions and guides. They form, in conjunction with Mrs. Jameson's previous publications, a series of great interest and utility; and Lady Eastlake has very ably contributed to extend the knowledge and enjoyment of one of the noblest branches of art.

SEA-DUST.—To those who are unacquainted with the sea and the marvels which belong to it, it may sound like one of Baron Munchausen's tales, but it is nevertheless true, that ships at a distance of many hundreds of miles from any land have been met by heavy showers of fine dry dust; and by thick yellow fogs, not unlike London November fogs, except that they are free from suffocating smell, which turn out to be nothing more than this finely-divided powder suspended in the air and waiting for a favorable opportunity to descend. The reddish-yellow fogs are commonly encountered in the neighborhood of the Cape de Verd Islands, where the dust is also abundant. They and the dust have also been seen, though less frequently, in the Mediterranean, on the North African and South European coasts, and even far away in the middle of the Atlantic. The dust has been known to strew the shores of south-eastern France and the whole line of the west Italian coast, at the same time that it fell all over the islands of Sardinia and Malta. Sometimes

the fall is so heavy as to cover the sails and decks of vessels, and to give the sea an appearance similar to that presented by a pond adjacent to a dusty road. The powder is exceedingly fine—almost impalpable. Its color is brick-red or bright yellow, and becomes of a lighter shade after being kept for some years. In the Mediterranean, the dust is known as Sirocco or African dust, because it was supposed to come from some of the desert land of the African continent. But it was only supposed so to come; nothing was really known of its history or its home. It was considered to be in some way or other connected with barren and dry land,—most probably African,—and in its wide wanderings over many degrees of latitude, it was identified with the wind which "bloweth where it listeth," and concerning which no man knoweth "whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." In the absence of knowledge, or of that scientific presumption which is akin to it, speculation was rife as to the origin and travelling power of this dust.—*Chambers's Journal*.

PART XI.—CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. BUTLER FOR DUTY ON —.

"I suppose M'Gruder's right," muttered Tony, as he sauntered away drearily from the door at Downing Street, one day in the second week after his arrival in London. "A man gets to feel very like a 'flunkey,' coming up in this fashion each morning 'for orders.' I am more than half disposed to close with his offer and go 'into rags' at once."

If he hesitated, he assured himself, very confidently, too, that it was not from the name or nature of the commercial operation. He had no objection to trade in rags any more than in hides, or tallow, or oakum, and some gum which did not "breathe of Araby the blest." He was sure that it could not possibly affect his choice, and that rags were just as legitimate and just as elevating a speculation as sherry from Cadiz, or silk from China. He was ingenious enough in his self-discussions; but, somehow, though he thought he could tell his mother frankly and honestly the new trade he was about to embark in, for the life of him he could not summon courage to make the communication to Alice. He fancied her as she read the avowal repeating the words "rags," and, while her lips trembled with the coming laughter, saying, "What in the name of all absurdity led him to such a choice?" And what a number of vapid and tasteless jokes it would provoke! "Such snobbery as it all is!" cried he, as he walked the room angrily; "as if there was any poetry in cotton bales, or anything romantic in molasses! and yet I might engage in these without reproach, without ridicule. I think I ought to be above such considerations. I do think my good blood might serve to assure me that in whatever I do honorably, honestly, and avowedly, there is no derogation."

But the snobbery was stronger than he wotted of; for, do what he would, he could not frame the sentence in which he should write the tidings to Alice, and yet he felt that there would be a degree of meanness in the non-avowal infinitely more intolerable.

While he thus chafed and fretted, he heard a quick step mounting the stair, and at the same instant his door was flung open, and Skeffy Damer rushed toward him and grasped both his hands.

"Well, old Tony, you scarcely expected to see me here, nor did I either thirty hours

ago; but they telegraphed for me to come at once. I'm off for Naples."

"And why to Naples?"

"I'll tell you, Tony," said he, confidentially; "but remember this is for yourself alone. These things mustn't get abroad; they are Cabinet secrets, and not known out of the Privy Council."

"You may trust me," said Tony; and Skeffy went on.

"I'm to be attached there," said he, solemnly.

"What do you mean by attached?"

"I'm going there officially. They want me at our Legation. Sir George Home is on leave, and Mecklam is *chargé d'affaires*; of course, every one knows what that means."

"But I don't," said Tony, bluntly.

"It means being bullied, being jockeyed, being out-maneuvred, laughed at by Brennier, and derided by Caraffa. Mecklam's an ass, Tony, that's the fact, and they know it at the Office, and I'm sent out to steer the ship."

"But what do you know about Naples?"

"I know it just as I know the Ecuador question,—just as I know the Mouth of the Danube question,—as I know the slave treaty with Portugal, and the Sound dues with Denmark, and the right of search, and the Mosquito frontier, and everything else that is pending throughout the whole globe. Let me tell you, old fellow, the others—the French, the Italians, and the Austrians,—know me as well as they know Palmerston. What do you think Walewski told Lady Paneroft the day Cavour went down to Vichy to see the emperor? They held a long conversation at a table where there were writing materials, and Cavour has an Italian habit of scribbling all the time he talks, and he kept on scratching with a pen on a sheet of blotting-paper; and what do you think he wrote?—the one word, over and over again, Skeff, Skeff—nothing else. 'Which led us' says Walewski, 'to add, Who or what was Skeff? when they told us he was a young fellow'—these were his own words—'of splendid abilities in the Foreign Office;' and if there is anything remarkable in Cavour, it is the way he knows and finds out the coming man."

"But how could he have heard of you?"

"These fellows have their spies everywhere, Tony. Gortchakoff has a photograph of me, with two words in Russian underneath,

that I got translated, and that mean, 'infernally dangerous,'—*tanski seratstrakoff*, infernally dangerous, !—over his stove in his study. You're behind the scenes now, Tony, and it will be rare fun for you to watch the newspapers and see how differently things will go on at Naples after I arrive there."

"Tell me something about home, Skeffy: I want to hear about Tilney. Whom did you leave there when you came away?"

"I left the Lyles, Alice and Bella,—none else. I was to have gone back with them to Lyle Abbey if I had stayed till Monday, and I left them, of course, very disconsolate, and greatly put out."

"I suppose you made up to Alice. I thought you would," said Tony, half sulkily.

"No, old fellow, you do me wrong; that's a thing I never do. As I said to Earnest Palfi about Pauline Esterhazy, I'll take no unfair advantage—I'll take no steps in your absence; and Alice saw this herself."

"How do you mean? Alice saw it?" said Tony, reddening.

"She saw it; for she said to me one day, 'Mr. Damer, it seems to me you have very punctilious notions on the score of friendship.'

"'I have,' said I; 'you're right there.'

"'I thought so,' said she."

"After all," said Tony, in a half-dogged tone, "I don't see that the speech had any reference to *me*, or to any peculiar delicacy of yours with respect to *me*."

"Ah, my poor Tony, you have a deal to learn about women and their ways! By good luck fortune has given you a friend,—the one man,—I declare I believe what I say,—the one man in Europe that knows the whole thing; as poor Balzac used to say, 'Cher Skeffy, what a fellow you would be if you had my pen!' He was a vain creature, Balzac; but what he meant was, if I could add his descriptive power to my own knowledge of life; for you see, Tony, this was the difference between Balzac and me. He knew Paris, and the *salons* of Paris, and the women who frequent these *salons*. I knew the human heart. It was woman, as a creature, not a mere conventionality, that she appeared to me."

"Well, I take it," grumbled out Tony, "you and your friend had some points of resemblance too."

"Ah! you would say that we were both

vain. So we were, Tony,—so is every man that is the depositary of a certain power. Without this same conscious thought, which you common folk call vanity, how should we come to exercise the gift? The little world taunts us with the very quality that is the essence of our superiority."

"Had Bella perfectly recovered? Was she able to be up and about?"

"Yes, she was able to take carriage airings, and to be driven about in a small phaeton by the neatest whip in Europe."

"Mr. Skeff Damer, eh?"

"The same. Ah, these drives, these drives! What delicious memories of woodland and romance! I fell desperately in love with that girl, Tony,—I pledge you my honor I did. I've thought a great deal over it all since I started for Ireland, and I have a plan, a plan for us both."

"What is it?"

"Let us marry these girls. Let us be brothers-in-law as well as in love. You prefer Alice—I consent. Take her, take her, Tony, and may you be happy with her!" And as he spoke, he laid his hand on the other's head with a reverend solemnity.

"This is nonsense, and worse than nonsense," said Tony, angrily; but the other's temper was imperturbable, and he went on. "You fancy this is all dreamland that I'm promising you; but that is because you, my dear Tony, with many good qualities, are totally wanting in one: you have no imagination, and, like all fellows denied this gift, you never can conceive anything happening to you except what has already happened. You like to live in a circle, and you do live in a circle; you are the turnspits of humanity."

"I'm a troublesome dog, though, if you anger me," said Tony, half fiercely.

"Very possibly; but there are certain men dogs never attack." And as Skeffy said this he threw forward his chest, held his head back, and looked with an air of such proud defiance that Tony lay back in a chair and laughed heartily.

"I never saw a great hulking fellow yet that was not impressed with the greatness of his stature," said Skeffy. "Every inch after five feet six takes a foot off a man's intellectual standard. It is Skeff Damer says it, Tony, and you may believe it."

"I wish you'd tell me about Tilney," said Tony, half irritably.

"I appreciate you, as the French say. You want to hear that I am not your rival; you want to know that I have not taken any ungenerous advantage of your absence. Toni—no mio, be of good comfort; I preferred the sister; shall I tell you why?"

"I don't want to hear anything about it."

"What a jealous dog it is, even after I have declared, on the word of a Damer, that he has nothing to apprehend from me! It was a lucky day led me down there, Tony. Don't you remember the old woman's note to me, mentioning a hundred pounds, or something like it, she had forgotten to enclose? She found the bank-note afterwards on her table, and after much puzzling with herself, ascertained it was the sum she had meant to remit to me. Trifling as the incident was, she thought it delicate, or high-minded, or something or other on my part. She said 'it was so nice of me;' and she wrote to my uncle to ask if he ever heard such a pretty trait, and my uncle said he knew scores of spendthrifts would have done much the same; whereupon the old lady of Tilney, regarding me as ill-used by my relatives, declared she would do something for me; but as her good intentions were double-barrelled, and she wanted to do something also for Bella, she suggested that we might, as the Oberland peasants say, 'put our eggs in the same basket.' A day was named, too, in which we were all to have gone over to Lyle Abbey, and open negotiations with Sir Arthur, when came this confounded despatch ordering me off to Naples! At first I determined not to go—to resign—to give up public life forever. 'What's Hecuba to him?' said I; that is, 'What signifies it to me how Europe fares? Shall I not think of Skeff Damer and his fortunes?' Bowling down dynasties and setting up nine-pin princes may amuse a man; but, after all, is it not to the tranquil enjoyments of home he looks for happiness? I consulted Bella; but she would not agree with me. Women, my dear Tony, are more ambitious than men,—I had almost said, more worldly. She would not, she said, have me leave a career wherein I had given such great promise. 'You might be an ambassador one day,' said she. 'Must be!' interposed I,—'must be!' My unfortunate admission decided the question, and I started that night."

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"I don't think I clearly understand you," said Tony, passing his hand over his brow. "Am I to believe that you and Bella are engaged?"

"I know what's passing in your mind, old fellow; I read you like large print. You won't, you can't, credit the fact that I would marry out of the peerage. Say it frankly, out with it."

"Nothing of the kind; but I cannot believe that Bella"—

"Ay, but she did," said Skeffy, filling up his pause, while he smoothed and caressed his very young mustaches. "Trust a woman to find out the coming man! Trust a woman to detect the qualities that insure supremacy! I wasn't there quite three weeks in all, and see if she did not discover me. What's this? Here comes an order for you, Tony," said he, as he looked into the street and recognized one of the porters of the Foreign Office. "This is the place, Trumins!" cried he, opening the window and calling to the man. "You're looking for Mr. Butler; aren't you?"

"Mr. Butler on duty, Friday 21," was all that the slip of paper contained. "There," cried Skeffy, "who knows if we shall not cross the Channel together to-night? Put on your hat, and we'll walk down to the Office."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TONY WAITING FOR ORDERS.

TONY BUTLER was ordered to Brussels to place himself at the disposal of the minister as an ex-messenger. He crossed over to Calais with Skeffy in the mail-boat; and after a long night's talking, for neither attempted to sleep, they parted with the most fervent assurances of friendship.

"I'd go across Europe to thrash the fellow would say a hard word of him," muttered Tony; while Skeffy, with an emotion that made his lip tremble, said, "If the world goes hard with you, I'll turn my back on it, and we'll start for New Zealand or Madagascar, Tony, remember that; I give it to you as a pledge."

When Tony presented himself at the Legation, he found that nobody knew anything about him. They had, some seven or eight months previous, requested to have an additional messenger appointed, as there were cases occurring which required frequent reference to home; but the emergency had

passed over, and Brussels was once again as undisturbed by diplomatic relations as any of the Channel Islands.

"Take a lodging and make yourself comfortable; marry, and subscribe to a club if you like it," said a gray-headed attaché, with a cynical face; "for in all likelihood they'll never remember you're here." The speaker had some experiences of this sort of official forgetfulness, with the added misfortune that, when he once had summoned courage to remonstrate against it, they did remember him, but it was to change him from a first to a second class mission—in Irish phrase, promoting him backwards—for his temerity.

Tony installed himself in a snug little quarter outside the town, and set himself vigorously to study French. In Knickerbocker's "History of New York," we read that the sittings of the council were always measured and recorded by the number of pipes smoked by the Cabinet. In the same way might it be said, that Tony Butler's progress in Ollendorf was only to be computed by the quantity of tobacco consumed over it. The pronouns had cost two boxes of cigars; the genders, a large packet of assorted cavendish and bird's-eye; and he stood fast on the frontier of the irregular verbs, waiting for a large bag of Turkish that Skeffy wrote to say he had forwarded to him through the Office.

Why have we no statistics of the influence of tobacco on education? Why will no one direct his attention to the inquiry as to how far the Tony Butlers—a large class in the British Islands—are more moved to exertion, or hopelessly muddled in intellect, by the soothing influences of smoke?

Tony smoked on, and on. He wrote home occasionally, and made three attempts to write to Alice, who, despite his silence, had sent him a very pleasant letter about home matters. It was not a neighborhood to afford much news; and, indeed, as she said, "they had been unusually dull of late; scarcely any visitors, and few of the neighbors. We miss your friend Skeff greatly; for with all his oddities and eccentricities, he had won upon us immensely by real traits of generosity and high-mindedness. There is another friend of yours here I would gladly know well; but she—Miss Stewart—retreats from all my advances, and has so positively declined all our in-

vitations to the Abbey, that it would seem to imply, if such a thing were possible, a special determination to avoid us. I know you well enough, Master Tony, to be aware that you will ascribe all my ardor in this pursuit to the fact of there being an obstacle. As you once told me about a certain short cut from Portrush, the only real advantage it had was a stiff four-foot wall, which must be jumped; but you are wrong, and you are unjust,—two things not at all new to you. My intentions here were really good. I had heard from your dear mother that Miss Stewart was in bad health,—that fears were felt lest her chest was affected. Now, as the doctors concurred in declaring that Bella must pass one winter, at least, in a warm climate; so I imagined how easy it would be to extend the benefit of genial air and sunshine to this really interesting girl, by offering to take her as a companion. Bella was charmed with my project, and we walked over to the Burnside on Tuesday to propose it in all form.

"To the shame of our diplomacy we failed completely. The old minister, indeed, was not averse to the plan, and professed to think it a most thoughtful attention on our part; but Dolly, I call her Dolly; for it is by that name, so often recurring in the discussion. I associate her best with the incident,—Dolly was peremptory in her refusal. I wanted,—perhaps a little unfairly,—I wanted to hear her reasons. I asked if there might not possibly be something in her objections to which we could reply. I pressed her to reconsider the matter,—to take a week, two if she liked, to think over it; but no, she would not listen to my compromise; she was steady and resolute, and yet at the same time much moved. She said No! but she said it as if there was a reason she should say so, while it was in direct violence to all her wishes. Mind this is mere surmise on my part. I am speaking of one of whose nature and temperament I know nothing. I may just as easily be wrong as right. She is indeed a puzzle to me; and one little trait of her has completely routed all my conceit in my own power of reading character. In my eagerness to overcome her objections, I was picturing the life of enjoyment and interest Italy would open to her,—the charm of a land that realizes in daily life what poets and painters can only shadow forth; and in my ardor I so far forgot myself as to call her Dolly,—dear Doly, I said. The

words overcame her at once. She grew pale, so sickly pale, that I thought she would have fainted; and as two heavy tears stood in her eyes, she said in a cold, quiet voice, 'I beg you will not press me any more. I am very grateful to you; but I cannot accept your offer.'

"Bella insisted on our going over to your mother, and enlisting her advocacy in the cause. I did not like the notion; but I gave way. Your dear mother, all kind as she ever is, went the same evening to the Burnside; but a short note from her the next morning showed, she had no better success than ourselves.

"Naturally—you, at least, will say so—I am ten times more eager about my plan now that it is pronounced impracticable. I have written to Dr. Stewart. I have sent papa to him; mamma has called at the cottage. I have made Dr. Reid give a written declaration that Miss Stewart's case—I quote him—"as indicated by a distinct "Bronchoffany" in the superior portion of the right lung, imperatively demands the benefit of a warm and genial climate;" and with all these *pièces de conviction* I am beaten, turned out of court, and denied a verdict.

"Have you any explanation to offer about this, Master Tony? Dolly was an old play-fellow of yours, your mother tells me. What key can you give us as to her nature? Is she like what she was in those old days? and when did you cease to have these games together? I fancied—was it mere fancy?—that she grew a little red when we spoke of you. Mind, sir, I want no confessions. I want nothing from you but what may serve to throw light upon her. If you can suggest to me any means of overcoming the objection she seems to entertain to our plan, do so; and if you cannot, please to hold your peace on this matter ever after. I wrote yesterday to Mark, who is now at Milan, to make some inquiries about Italian villa life. I was really afraid to speak to your friend Skeff, lest, as mamma said, he should immediately offer us one of the royal palaces as a residence. No matter, he is a dear good fellow, and I have an unbounded reliance on his generosity.

"Now, a word about yourself. Why are you at Brussels? Why are you a fixed star, after telling us you were engaged as a planet? Are there any mysterious reasons for your

residence there? If so, I don't ask to hear them; but your mother naturally would like to know something about you a little more explanatory than your last bulletin, that said, 'I am here still, and likely to be so.'

"I had a most amusing letter from Mr. Maitland a few days ago. I had put it into this envelope to let you read it; but I took it out again, as I remembered your great and very unjust prejudices against him. He seems to know every one and everything, and is just as familiar with the great events of politics as with the great people who mould them. I read for your mother his description of the life at Fontainebleau, and the eccentricities of a beautiful Italian, Countess Castagnolo, the reigning belle there; and she was much amused, though she owned that four changes of raiment daily were too much even for Deliah herself.

"Do put a little coercion on yourself, and write me even a note. I assure you I would write you most pleasant little letters if you showed you merited them. I have a budget of small gossip about the neighbors, no particle of which shall you ever see till you deserve better of your old friend,

"ALICE TRAFFORD."

It may be imagined that it was in a very varying tone of mind he read through this letter. If Dolly's refusal were not based on her unwillingness to leave her father,—and if it were, she could have said so,—it was quite inexplicable. Of all the girls he had ever known, he never saw one more likely to be captivated by such an offer. She had that sort of nature that likes to invest each event of life with a certain romance; and where could anything have opened such a vista for castle-building as this scheme of foreign travel? Of course he could not explain it; how should he? Dolly was only partly like what she used to be long ago. In those days she had no secrets,—at least, none from him,—now she had long, dreary intervals of silence and reflection, as though brooding over something she did not wish to tell of. This was not the Dolly Stewart he used to know so well. As he re-read the letter, and came to that passage in which she tells him that, if he cannot explain what Dolly's refusal is owing to without making a confession, he need not do so, he grew almost irritable, and said, what can she mean by this? Surely, it is not possible that Alice

could have listened to any story that coupled his name with Dolly's, and should thus by insinuation charge him with the allegation? Lady Lyle had said to himself, "I heard the story from one of the girls." Was it this, then, that Alice referred to? Surely, she knew him better; surely, she knew how he loved her, no matter how hopelessly it might be. Perhaps women liked to give this sort of pain to those whose heart they owned. Perhaps it was a species of torture they were given to. Skeffy could tell if he were here. Skeffy could resolve this point at once; but it was too much for him.

As to the passage about Maitland, he almost tore the paper as he read it. By what right did he correspond with her a tall? Why should he write to her even such small matter as the gossip of a court? And what could Alice mean by telling him of it, unless—and oh, the bitterness of this thought!—it was to intimate by a mere passing word the relations that subsisted between herself and Maitland, and thus convey to him the utter hopelessness of his own pretensions?

As Tony walked up and down his room, he devised a very strong, it was almost a fierce, reply to this letter. He would tell her that as to Dolly he couldn't say, but she might have some of his own scruples about that same position called companion. When he knew her long ago, she was independent enough in spirit, and it was by no means impossible she might prefer a less brilliant condition if unlogged with observances that might savor of homage. At all events, *he* was no fine and subtle intelligence to whom a case of difficulty could be submitted.

As for Maitland, he hated him! he was not going to conceal it in any way. His air of insolent superiority he had not forgotten, nor would he forget till he had found an opportunity to retort it. Alice might think him as amusing as she pleased. To himself the man was simply odious, and if the result of all his varied gifts and accomplishments was only to make up such a being as he was, then would he welcome the most unlettered and unformed clown that ever walked rather than this mass of conceit and self-sufficiency.

He sat down to commit these thoughts to paper, and though he scrawled over seven sheets in the attempt, nothing but failure came of it. Maitland came in, if not by name, by insinuation, everywhere; and in

spite of himself he found he had got into a tone not merely querulous, but actually aggressive, and was using toward Alice an air of reproach that he almost trembled at as he re-read it.

"This will never do!" cried he, as he tore up the scribbled sheets. "I'll wait till to-morrow, and perhaps I shall do better." When the morrow came, he was despatched on duty, and Alice remained unanswered.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MAJOR'S MISSION.

If my reader has been as retentive as I could wish him, he will have borne in mind that on the evening when Major M'Caskey took a very menacing leave of Norman Maitland at Paris, Count Caffarelli had promised his friend to write to General Filangieri to obtain from the king a letter addressed to Maitland in the royal hand by the title of Count of Amalfi,—such a recognition being as valid an act of ennoblement as all the declarations and registrations and emblazonments of heralds and the colleges.

It had been originally intended that this letter should be enclosed to Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan envoy of Turin, where Maitland would have found it; but seeing the spirit which had now grown up between Maitland and M'Caskey, and foreseeing well what would occur whenever these two men should meet, Caffarelli, with that astuteness that never fails the Italian, determined to avert the peril by a stratagem which lent its aid to the object he had in hand. He begged the general would transmit the letter from the king, not to Turin, but to the Castello di Montanara, where Maitland had long resided, in a far-away part of Calabria, and employ as the messenger M'Caskey himself; by which means this very irritable and irritating individual might be, for a time at least, withdrawn from public view, and an immediate meeting with Maitland prevented.

It was not very difficult, without any breach of confidence, for Caffarelli to convey to Filangieri that his choice of M'Caskey for this mission was something stronger than a caprice, and that his real wish was that this fiery personage should not be at Naples when they arrived there.

A very brief note, which reached Caffarelli before he had left Paris, informed him that all he requested had been duly done. "He gave

it"—it was of the king he spoke,—“he gave it at once, Carlo; only saying, with a laugh, ‘One of my brothers may dispute it with him some of these days,—for it gives some privilege; but whether it be to claim the rights of the church after high treason, or to have two wives in Lower Calabria, I don’t remember; but tell your friend to avoid both murder and matrimony, at least till he returns to a more civilized region.’

“I shall send the Irish major with the despatch, as you wish. If I understand you aright, you are not over-anxious he should come back with the answer. But why not be more explicit? If you want—remember Calabria is—Calabria—you understand.”

At first Caffarelli had intended not to show this note to Maitland; but the profound contempt which his friend exhibited for M’Caskey proved that no sense of a debt of honor outstanding between them would lessen Maitland’s satisfaction at hearing that this troublesome “cur”—so he called him—should not be yelping at his heels through the streets of Naples.

Maitland, in fact, declared, that he knew of no misfortune in life so thoroughly ruinous as to be confronted in a quarrel with a questionable antagonist. From the ridicule of such a situation, he averred, the only escape was in a fatal ending; and Maitland knew nothing so bad as ridicule. Enmity in all its shapes he had faced, and could face again. Give him a foe but worthy of him, and no man ever sprung into the lists with a lighter heart; the dread of a false position was too much for him.

Leaving these two friends, then, at Paris, to talk, amid their lives of many dissipations, of plots and schemes and ambitions, let us betake ourselves to a very distant spot, at the extreme verge of the Continent,—a little inlet on the Calabrian coast below Reggio, where, on a small promontory separating two narrow bays, stands the lone Castle of Montanara. It had been originally a convent, as its vast size indicates, but was purchased and converted into a royal residence by a former king of Naples, who spent incredible sums on the buildings and the gardens. The latter especially were most costly, since they were entirely artificial, the earth having been carried from the vicinity of Naples.

The castle itself was the most incongruous mass that could be conceived, embracing the

fortress, the convent, the ornate style of Venice, and the luxurious vastness of an oriental palace, all within its walls. It may be imagined that no private fortune, however ample, could have kept in perfect order a place of such immense size, the gardens alone requiring above thirty men constantly at work, and the repairs of the sea-wall being a labor that never ended.

The present occupant, Sir Omerod Butler, lived in one small block called the “Molo,” which projected into the sea at the very end of the promontory, and was approachable on the land side by a beautiful avenue of cedars. They were of great age, and, tradition said, had been brought from Lebanon. If ruin and neglect and desolation characterized all around, no sooner had the traveller entered this shady approach than all changed to the most perfect care and culture,—flowery shrubs of every kind, beds of gorgeous flowers, *pergolati* of vines leading down to the sea, and orange-groves dipping their golden balls in the blue Mediterranean at every step, till the ample gate was reached; passing into which you entered a spacious court paved with variegated marble, with a massive fountain in the centre. From this court, under a pillared archway, led off all the lower rooms,—great spacious chambers, with richly-painted ceilings and tessellated floors. Into these was gathered the most costly furniture of the whole palace: tables and consoles of malachite and porphyry, gorgeously inlaid slabs of *lapis lazuli* and agate, cabinets of rare beauty, and objects of ancient art. Passing through these again you gained the rooms of daily habitation, arranged with all the taste and luxury of modern refinement, and distinctively marking that the cold splendor without could not attain to that sense of comfort and voluptuous ease which an age of greater indulgence requires.

The outer gate of the castle, which opened by a drawbridge over a deep moat, on the Reggio road, was little less than a mile off; and it may give some idea of the vast size of the place to state that, from that entrance to the Molo, there was a succession of buildings of one kind or other, only interrupted by areas of courtyard or garden.

When at the close of a sultry day, Major M’Caskey presented himself at this gate, summoning the porter with a vigorous pull of the bell, he was not admitted till a very

careful scrutiny showed that he was alone, and did not, besides, exhibit anything very formidable in his appearance. He was told, as he passed in, that he must leave his horse at the stables beside the gate, and make the rest of his way on foot. The major was both tired and hungry; he had been in the saddle since daybreak, had twice missed his way, and tasted no food since he set out.

"Is there much more of this confounded way to go?" asked he of his guide, as they now mounted a terrace, only to descend again.

"About a quarter of an hour will bring you to the Molo," said the other, just as ill-pleased to have the duty of escorting him. A quick glance at the fellow's face showed the major how hopeless it would be to expect any information from him; and though he was burning to know who inhabited this lonesome place, and why he lived there, he forbore all questioning, and went along in silence.

"There!" said his guide, at last, as they reached a great archway standing alone in a sort of lawn,—“there! you follow that road to the little gate yonder, pass in, cross the garden, and you will be at the side-entrance of the Molo. I don't suppose you want to enter by the grand gate?”

Major M'Caskey was not much in the habit of suffering an insolence to pass unresented; but he seemed to control himself as he drew forth his purse and took out a crown-piece. “This is for your trouble, my worthy fellow,” said he; “go and look for it yonder,” and he jerked the piece of money over the low parapet, and sent it skimming along the sea a hundred yards off.

Though the man's lips murmured in passion, and his dark eyes flashed anger, one look at the face of his companion assured him that the safer policy was to restrain his wrath, and, touching his hat in salute, he retired without a word.

As though he felt in better temper with himself for having thus discharged this little debt, the major stepped more briskly forward, gained the small postern, and entered a large and formal garden, the chief avenue of which showed him the gate at the extremity. It lay open, and he found himself in a large vaulted hall, from which doors led off. In doubt which course to take, he turned to seek for a bell; but there was none to be

found; and after a careful search on every side, he determined to announce himself by a stout knocking at one of the doors before him.

The hollow clamor resounded through the whole building, and soon brought down two men in faded livery, half terrified, half angry at the summons.

M'Caskey, at once assuming the upper hand, a habit in which practice had made him a proficient, demanded haughtily to see “the count,” their master.

“He is at dinner,” said they both together.

“I wish I were so too,” said the major. “Go in and tell him that I am the bearer of a royal despatch, and desire to see him immediately.”

They held counsel together in whispers for a few minutes, during which the name Maria occurred frequently between them. “We will tell the Senora Maria you are here,” said one, at last.

“And who may she be?” said M'Caskey, haughtily.

“She is the cameriera of the countess, and the chief of all the household.”

“My business is not with a waiting-woman. I have come to see the Count of Amalfi,” said the major, sternly.

The men apparently knew their own duties best, and civilly asking him to follow, they led the way up a small flight of stairs, and after traversing some scantily-furnished rooms, showed him into a prettily-decorated little chamber, with two windows looking on the sea.

Having politely begged him to be seated, they left him. The major, besides being hungry and jaded, was irritable and angry. Filangieri had told him his mission was one of importance and high trust; in fact, so much so, that it could not be confided to one less known than himself. And was this the way they received a royal envoy, sent on such an errand? While he thus fumed and chafed, he heard a door open and close, and shortly after the sweep of a woman's dress coming along the corridor; and now the step came nearer and the door opened, and a tall, sickly-looking woman entered; but scarcely had she advanced one pace within the room when she uttered a faint scream and fainted.

The major's first care was to turn the key in the lock, his second was to lift up the al-

most lifeless figure and place her on the sofa. As he did so, any emotion that his features betrayed was rather of displeasure than astonishment; and in the impatient way he jerked open the window to let the fresh air blow on her there was far more anger than surprise.

"So then you are the Senora Maria, it would seem," were the first words she heard as she rallied from her swoon.

"Oh, Miles!" cried she, with an intense agony, "why have you tracked me here? Could you not have let me drag out my few years of life in peace?"

It was difficult to guess how these words affected him, or rather in how many different ways; for though at first his eyes flashed angrily, he soon gave a short jeering sort of a laugh, and throwing himself down into a chair, he crossed his arms on his breast and gazed steadily at her.

The look seemed to remind her of bygone suffering; for she turned her head away, and then covered her face with her hands.

"Senora Maria," said he, slowly—"unless indeed you still desire I should call you Mrs. M'Caskey."

"No, no—Maria!" cried she, wildly; "I am but a servant—I toil for my bread; but better that than"—She stopped, and after an effort to subdue her emotion, burst into tears and sobbed bitterly.

"It matters little to me, madam, what the name. The chain that ties us is just as irrevocable, whatever we choose to call ourselves. As to anything else, I do not suppose you intend to claim me as your husband."

"No, no, never," cried she, impetuously.

"Nor am I less generous, madam. None shall ever hear from me that you were my wife. The contract was one that brought little credit to either of us."

"Nothing but misery and misfortune to me!" said she, bitterly; "nothing else—nothing else!"

"You remind me, madam," said he, in a slow, deliberate voice, as though he were enunciating some long-resolved sentiment,— "you remind me much of Josephine."

"Who is Josephine?" asked she, quickly.

"I speak of the Empress Josephine so you may perceive that I have sought your parallel in high places. She, like you, deemed herself the most unhappy of women, and all be-

cause destiny had linked her with a greatness that she could not measure."

Though her vacant stare might have assured him either that she did not understand his words, or follow their meaning, never daunted he went on.

"Yes, madam; and, like her husband, yours has had much to bear—levity—frivolity—and—worse."

"What are you here for? Why have you come after me?" cried she, wildly. "I swore to you before, and I swear it again, that I will never go back to you."

"Whenever you reduce that pledge to writing, madam, call on me to be your security for its due performance; be it known to you, therefore, that this meeting was an unexpected happiness to me."

She covered her face, and rocked to and fro like one in the throes of a deep suffering.

"I should be a glutton, madam, if I desired a repetition of such scenes as these; they filled eight years—eight mortal years—of a life not otherwise immemorable."

"And what have they done for me?" cried she, roused almost to boldness by his taunting manner.

"Made you thinner, paler, a trifle more aged, perhaps," said he, scanning her leisurely, "but always what Frenchmen would call a *femme charmante*."

The mockery seemed more than she could bear; for she sprung to her feet, and, in a voice vibrating with passion, said, "Take care, Miles M'Caskey,—take care; there are men here, if they saw me insulted, would throw you over that sea-wall as soon as look at you."

"Ring for your bravos, madam—summon your condottieri at once," said he, with an impudent laugh; "they'll have some warmer work than they bargained for."

"Oh, why not leave me in peace,—why not let me have these few years of life without more of shame and misery?" said she, throwing herself on her knees before him.

"Permit me to offer you a chair, madam," said he, as he took her hands, and placed her on a seat; "and let me beg that we talk of something else. Who is the count?—'The Onoralissimo e Pregiatissimo, Nobile Conte,'" for he read now from the address of a letter he had drawn from his pocket—

" 'Nobile Conte d'Amalfi'—is that the name of the owner of this place?"

"No, it is the Chevalier Butler, formerly minister at Naples, lives here,—Sir Omerod Bramston Butler."

"Ah, then I perceive it is really meant for another person! I thought it was a mode of addressing him secretly. The Count of Amalfi lives here, perhaps."

"I never heard of him."

"Who lives here beside Sir Omerod?"

"My lady—that is, the countess; none else."

"Who is the countess—Countess of what, and where?"

"She is a Milanese; she was a Brancalone."

"Brancalone, Brancalone! there were two of them. One went to Mexico with the Duke of Sommariva—not his wife."

"This is the other; she is married to Sir Omerod."

"She must be Virginia Brancalone," said M'Caskey, trying to remember,—“the same Lord Byron used to rave about.”

She nodded an assent, and he continued.

"Nini Brancalone was a toast, I remember, with Wraxall and Trelawney, and the rest of us. She was the 'reason fair' of many a good glass of claret which Byron gave us, in those days before he became stingy."

"You had better keep your memories to yourself in case you meet her," said she, warningly.

"Miles M'Caskey, madam, requires very little advice or admonition in a matter that touches tact or good-breeding." A sickly smile of more than half-derision curled the woman's lip; but she did not speak. "And now let us come back to this Count of Amalfi; who is he? where is he?"

"I have told you already I do not know."

"There was a time, madam, you would have required no second intimation that it was your duty to find out."

"Ah, I remember those words but too well!" cried she, bitterly. "Finding out was my task for many a year."

"Well, madam, it was an exercise that might have put a fine edge on your understanding; but, like some other advantages of your station, it slipped by you without profit. I am generous, madam, and I forbear to say

more. Tell me of these people here all that you know of them; for they are my more immediate interest at present."

"I will tell you everything, on the simple condition that you never speak to me nor of me again. Promise me but this, Miles M'Caskey, and I swear to you I will conceal nothing that I know of them."

"You make hard terms, madam," said he, with mock courtesy. "It is no small privation to be denied the pleasure of your agreeable presence; but I comply."

"And this shall be our last meeting?" asked she, with a look of imploring meaning.

"Alas, madam, if it must be!"

"Take care," cried she, suddenly, "you once by your mockery drove me to"—

"Well, madam, your memory will perhaps record what followed. I shot the friend who took up your cause. Do you chance to know of another who would like to imitate his fortune?"

"Gracious Heaven!" cried she, in an agony, "has nothing the power to change your cruel nature; or are you to be hard-hearted and merciless to the end?"

"I am proud to say, madam, that Miles M'Caskey comes of a house whose motto is 'Semper M'Caskey.'"

A scornful curl of the lip seemed to show what respect she felt for the heraldic allusion; but she recovered herself quickly, and said, "I can stay no longer. It is the hour the countess requires me; but I will come back to-morrow, without you would let me buy off this meeting. Yes, Miles, I am in earnest; this misery is too much for me. I have saved a little sum, and I have it by me in gold. You must be more changed than I can believe, or you will be in want of money. You shall have it all, every ducat of it, if you only pledge me your word never to molest me,—never to follow me,—never to recognize me again!"

"Madam," said he, severely, "this menial station you have descended to must have blunted your sense of honor rudely, or you had never dared to make me such a proposal. Let me see you to-morrow, and for the last time." And haughtily waving his hand, he motioned to her to leave, and she turned away with her hands over her face, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER XL.
THE MAJOR'S TRIALS.

MAJOR MILES M'CASKEY is not a foreground figure in this our story, nor have we any reason to suppose that he possesses any attractions for our readers. When such men—and there are such to be found on life's highway—are met with, the world usually gives them what sailors call a "wide berth, and ample room to swing in," sincerely trusting that they will soon trip their anchor and sail off again. Seeing all this, I have no pretension, nor indeed any wish, to impose his company any more than is strictly indispensable, nor dwell on his sojourn at the Molo of Montanara. Indeed, his life at that place was so monotonous and weary to himself, it would be a needless cruelty to chronicle it.

The major, as we have once passingly seen, kept a sort of brief journal of his daily doings; and a few short extracts from this will tell us all that we need know of him. On a page of which the upper portion was torn away, we find the following: "Arrived at M— on the 6th at sunset. Ruined old rookery. Open at land side, and sea defences all carried away; never could have been strong against artillery. Found Mrs. M'C. in the style of waiting-woman to a Countess Butler, formerly Nini Brancaneone. A warm interview; difficult to persuade her that I was not in pursuit of herself,—a feminine delusion I tried to dissipate. She,"—henceforth it is thus he always designates Mrs. M'Caskey,— "she avers that she knows nothing of the Count d'Amalfi, nor has ever seen him. Went into a long story about Sir Omerod Butler, of whom I know more myself. She pretends that Nini is married to him,—legally married; don't believe a word of it. Have my own suspicions that the title of Amalfi has been conferred on B. himself; for he lives estranged from England and Englishmen. Will learn all, however, before I leave.

"Roast pigeons, with tomato, a strange fish, and omelette, with Capri to wash it down; a meagre supper; but they say it shall be better to-morrow.

"*Seventh, Wednesday.*—Slept soundly and had a swim; took a sea view of the place, but could see no one about. Capital breakfast,—'Frutti di mare,' boiled in Rhine wine; fellow who waited said a favorite dish of his excellency's, meaning Sir O. B. Best choe-

olate I ever tasted out of Paris. Found the *menu* for dinner on the table all right; the wine is *au choix*, and I begin with *La Rose* and *La Veuve Cliquot*. A note from her referring to something said last night; she is ill and cannot see me, but encloses an order on Parodi of Genoa, in favor of the Nobile Signor il Maggiore M'Caskey, for three thousand seven hundred and forty-eight francs, and a small tortoise-shell box, containing eighty-six double ducats in gold, so that it would seem I have fallen into a '*vrai Californie*' here. Reflected, and replied with a refusal; a M'Caskey cannot stoop to this. Reproved her for ignoring the character to whom she addressed such a proposal, and reiterated my remark of last night, that she never rose to the level at which she could rightly take in the native chivalry of my nature.

"Inquired if my presence had been announced to Sir O., and learned it had. Orders given to treat me with distinguished consideration, but nothing said of an audience.

"Pigeons again for supper, with apology: quails had been sent for to Messina, and expected to-morrow. Shot at a champagne-flask in the sea, and smoked. Sir O's tobacco exquisite, and the supply so ample, I am making a *petite provision* for the future.

"Full moon. Shot at the camellias out of my window. Knocked off seventeen, when I heard a sharp cry,—a stray shot, I suppose. Shut the casement and went to bed.

"*Thursday.*—Gardener's boy, flesh-wound in the calf of the leg; hope Sir O. may hear of it and send for me.

"A glorious capon for dinner, stuffed with oysters,—veritable oysters. Drank Mrs. M'C.'s health in the impression that this was a polite attention on her part. No message from Sir O.

"*Friday.*—A general fast; a lentil soup and a fish; good but meagre; took it out in wine and tobacco. Had the gardener's boy up, and introduced him to sherry-cobbler. The effect miraculous; danced Tarantella till the bandage came off and he fainted.

"*Saturday.*—Rain and wind; macaroni much smoked; cook lays it on the chimney that wont draw with a Levant wind. Read over my instructions again and understand them as little as before: 'You will hold yourself at the orders of the Count

d'Amalfi till further instructions from this department.' Vague enough all this; and for anything I see, or am likely to see, of this count, I may pass the autumn here. Tried to attract Sir O's attention by knocking off the oranges at top of his wall, and received intimation to fire in some other direction.

"*Sunday*.—Don Luigi Something has come to say mass. Asked him to dinner, but find him engaged to the countess. A dry old cove, who evidently knows everything, but will tell nothing; has promised to lend me a guitar and a book or two, in return for which I have sent down three bottles of our host's champagne to his reverence.

"*Monday*.—Lobsters.

"*Tuesday*.—Somebody ill apparently; much ringing of bells and disorder. My dinner an hour late. Another appeal from Mrs. M'C., repeating her former proposal with greater energy; this feminine insistence provokes me. I might tell her that of the three women who have borne my name none but herself would have so far presumed; but I forbear. Pity has ever been the weakness of my nature; I feel its workings even as I write this. It may not carry me to the length of forgiveness; but I can compassionate; I will send her this note:—

" 'MADAM,—Your prayers have succeeded; I yield. It would not be generous in me to say what the sacrifice has cost me. When a M'Caskey bends, it is an oak of the forest snaps in two. I make but one condition; I will have no gratitude. Keep the tears that you would shed at my feet for the hours of your solitary sorrow. You will see, therefore, that we are to meet no more.

" 'One of the ducats is clipped on the edge, and another discolored as by an acid; I am above requiring that they be exchanged. Nothing in this last act of our intercourse shall prevent you remembering me as "Semper M'Caskey."

" 'Your cheque should have specified Parodi & Co., not Parodi alone. To a man less known the omission might give inconvenience; this, too, however, I pardon. Farewell.' "

It was evident that the major felt he had completed this task with befitting dignity; for he stood up before a large glass, and placing one hand within his waistcoat, he gazed at himself in a sort of rapturous veneration. "Yes," said he, thoughtfully, "George Seymour and D'Orsay and myself, we were

men! When shall the world look upon our like again? Each in his own style, too, perfectly distinct, perfectly dissimilar; neither of them, however, had this; neither had this!" cried he, as he darted a look of eatlike fierceness from his fiery gray eyes. "The Princess Metternich fainted when I gave her that glance. She had the temerity to say, 'Qui est ce Monsieur M'Caskey?' Why not ask who is Soult? who is Wellington? who is everybody? Such is the ignorance of a woman! Madame la Princess," added he, in a graver tone, "if it be your fortune to turn your footsteps to Montpellier, walk into the churchyard there, and see the tomb of Jules de Besancon, late major of the 8th Cuirassiers, and whose inscription is in these few words: 'Tué par M'Caskey.' I put up the monument myself; for he was a brave soldier, and deserved his immortality."

Though self-admiration was an attractive pastime, it palled on him at last, and he sat down and piled up the gold double ducats in two tall columns, and speculated on the various pleasures they might procure, and then he read over the draft on Parodi, and pictured to his mind some more enjoyments, all of which were justly his due, "For," as he said himself aloud, "I have dealt generously by that woman."

At last he arose, and went out on the terrace. It was a bright starlight night, one of those truly Italian nights when the planets streak the calm sea with long lines of light, and the very air seems weary with its burden of perfume. Of the voluptuous enervation that comes of such an hour, he neither knew nor asked to know. Stillness and calm to him savored only of death; he wanted movement, activity, excitement, life, in fact,—life as he had always known and always liked it. Once or twice the suspicion had crossed his mind that he had been sent on this distant expedition to get rid of him when something of moment was being done elsewhere. His inordinate vanity could readily supply the reasons for such a course. He was one of those men that in times of trouble become at once famous. "They call us dangerous," said he, "just as Cromwell was dangerous, Luther was dangerous, Napoleon was dangerous. But if we are dangerous, it is because we are driven to it. Admit the superiority that you cannot oppose, yield to the inherent greatness that you can only

struggle against, and you will find that we are not dangerous,—we are salutary.”

“Is it possible,” cried he aloud, “that this has been a plot,—that while I am here living this life of inglorious idleness the great stake is on the table,—the game is begun, and the king’s crown being played for?” M’Caskey knew that whether royalty conquered or was vanquished,—however the struggle ended,—there was to be a grand scene of pillage. The nobles or the merchants—it mattered very little which to him—were to pay for the coming convulsion. Often and often, as he walked the streets of Naples, had he stood before a magnificent palace, or a great country-house, and speculated on the time when it should be his prerogative to smash in that stout door, and proclaim all within it his own. “*Spolia di M’Caskey*” was the inscription that he felt would defy the cupidity of the boldest. “I will stand on the balcony,” said he, “and declare, with a wave of my hand, These are mine: pass on to other pillage.”

The horrible suspicion that he might be actually a prisoner all this time gained on him more and more, and he ransacked his mind to think of some great name in history whose fate resembled his own. “Could I only assure myself of this,” said he, passionately, “it is not these old walls would long confine me; I’d scale the highest of them in half an hour; or I’d take to the sea, and swim round that point yonder,—it’s not two miles off; and I remember there’s a village quite close to it.” Though thus the prospect of escape presented itself so palpably before him, he was deterred from it by the thought that if no intention of forcible detention had ever existed, the fact of his having feared it would be an indelible stain

upon his courage. “What an indignity,” thought he, “for a M’Caskey to have yielded to a causeless dread!”

As thus he thought, he saw, or thought he saw, a dark object at some short distance off on the sea. He strained his eyes, and though long in doubt, at last assured himself it was a boat that had drifted from her moorings; for the rope that had fastened her still hung over the stern, and trailed in the sea. By the slightly moving flow of the tide toward shore she came gradually nearer, till at last he was able to reach her with the crook of his riding-whip, and draw her up to the steps. Her light paddle-like oars were on board, and M’Caskey stepped in, determined to make a patient and careful study of the place on its sea-front, and see, if he could, whether it were more of *château* or jail.

With a noiseless motion he stole smoothly along, till he passed a little ruined bastion on a rocky point, and saw himself at the entrance of a small bay, at the extremity of which a blaze of light poured forth, and illuminated the sea for some distance. As he got nearer, he saw that the light came from three large windows that opened on a terrace, thickly studded with orange-trees, under the cover of which he could steal on unseen, and take an observation of all within; for that the room was inhabited was plain enough, one figure continuing to cross and recross the windows as M’Caskey drew nigh.

Stilly and softly, without a ripple behind him, he glided on till the light skiff stole under the overhanging boughs of a large acacia, over a branch of which he passed his rope to steady the boat, and then standing up he looked into the room, now so close as almost to startle him.

THE School Ship in London, had, at the beginning of the year, one hundred and sixty-three boys on board. The receipts of the society that has this institution in charge were, for the last year, nearly five thousand pounds, of which nearly four-fifths are a government allowance.

On the night of the 21st of February last, there fell in Rome a large quantity of a fine dust, which

attracted general attention. A paper read to a learned society ascribes its origin to a wind blowing from some desert districts in Africa.

A new kind of silkworm that feeds upon the leaves of the oak has just been introduced into France. It is a native of the table-lands of the Himalaya.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Trans-Caucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha.* By Lawrence Oliphant. London, 1856.
2. *Patriots and Filibusters.* By Lawrence Oliphant. London, 1860.
3. *Trans-Caucasia.* By Baron von Haxthausen. London, 1854.
4. *Papers respecting the Settlement of Circassian Emigrants in Turkey.* Presented to the House of Commons by command of Her Majesty. 1864.

A GRIEVOUS calamity has befallen a brave nation little known to the British public, but invested with that romantic interest which always attaches to deeds of daring, to an unstained cause, and to an unequal struggle, maintained by a nation in defence of its liberty and independence. "It is apparent," Lord Napier writes on the 23d of May last, "that the Russian Government have long taken an absolute resolution at any risk to remove the whole of the (Circassian) mountaineers still in arms from their native places. The system pursued has been for two years past to move the troops and the Cossack forts and settlements slowly but surely up the valleys which pour their waters northward to the basin of the Kouban, dispossessing the indigenous inhabitants at every step until at last the highest fastnesses have been reached, and the people inhabiting the water-shed have been pushed over into the valleys sloping southward to the Black Sea, and have carried the savage* and sequestered people of those regions in masses to the coast." From the coast, as we know, they are flying by tens of thousands across the sea, to perish by famine and disease under the well-meant but clumsy and inadequate protection of the Turkish Government. But, although attention has now been for the first time generally called to what is passing in the Caucasus, it would be a mistake to suppose that the depopulation by Russia of the regions lying about those venerable mountains has only now begun.

After the Allies left Sebastopol, the Tatar population of the Crimea found their condition unendurable, and they were the first to fly from the Russian yoke, and to seek refuge on the hospitable soil of Turkey. They did not come in very large numbers, so that this emigration was comparatively manageable,

* We do not concur in Lord Napier's use of this term.

and a number of them were located in the Dobroja, in a new town or settlement called Mejidieh, where, on the whole, they have prospered.

Next came the emigration of the Tatars of the Kouban in 1861-62, caused by an order given by the Russian Government. This order was one of unexampled and needless severity. A large population was compelled to leave the Russian territory at a fixed date. These unfortunate people were compelled to abandon their homes, to travel with their wives and children, and to land in a new country in midwinter. The fixing of a term at the expiration of which they were obliged to depart had the effect of depriving them of all their property; for they could obtain no price, or but a vile price, for their cattle and such things as their neighbors saw that they must abandon, since they could not transport them. They landed at Constantinople and other parts of Turkey in the midst of snow, sleet, and rain, and the mortality among them was excessive. At that time it was not possible, to take a walk in the afternoon at Constantinople without meeting numerous coffins of little children. Those Turks who were familiar with the exaggerated statements of the Russian organ *Le Nord*, and with the humanitarian cry so sedulously fostered by Russian diplomacy, for edicts giving equality to the Rayahs, made bitter remarks upon the reciprocity shown by Russia, and upon the indifference of Europe, and asked if the humanity of which they have heard so much ought not to have interfered here. This expulsion of the Tatars was unnecessary; for they were a harmless and pacific people. The pretext assigned by Russia for the measure was that they maintained communications with the mountaineers, and assisted them in defying the imperial power; for these Tatars occupied the country to the north of the Caucasus, between it and the river Kouban, and their expulsion was a strategic measure taken with a view of circumscribing and hemming in the mountaineers of the Caucasus. Other Tatars, however, besides those of the Kouban, have been driven away or have followed their brethren, and the Muscovite proprietors of the Southern provinces of Russia complain of the loss of a sober and industrious agricultural population whom it is not easy to replace.

These wholesale expulsions are traditional

with the Russian Government. In the last century, during the reign of the Empress Catharine, the Kalmuks were driven by the tyranny and petty persecutions of Russian officials to migrate from the shores of the Volga, and to seek refuge in the Chinese dominions. When they set out, they filled twenty-eight thousand tents; but only half their number reached the Chinese territory.

In considering these acts of systematic barbarity perpetrated by the Russian Government, it is impossible not to remember the expulsion of the Moors from Spain in 1610. History has already condemned the severity and impolicy of that measure. According to the most trustworthy calculations, of more than a million of Moors who were expelled, only a fourth survived. The Jews were driven from Spain in 1492, by a decree of Ferdinand and Isabella; many of them found shelter at Constantinople, and to this day half the Israelites in that capital and in Smyrna speak the Spanish language; the other half, who also fled from persecution, are of a later immigration, and speak Polish. But with the severity of these measures the parallel ends: the Russian Government cannot plead in excuse the fierce fanaticism which animated the Inquisition before whose mandates the Spanish monarch found it necessary to bow. Spain, moreover, was ejecting those whom she considered as intruders in spite of eight hundred years of occupation of the soil; but Russia is herself the intruder into the Tatar steppes and Circassian mountains, and if there is any teaching in the progress of time, the Muscovite Government, at the end of two centuries and a half, is far less excusable than that of Spain. It may not be too much to say that the indifference of Europe to the expulsion of the Kouban Tatars emboldened Russia to proceed to the conscription at Warsaw, by which she forced the Poles into insurrection, and thereby furnished herself with a pretext for the extensive deportations of Poles to Siberia,—to be followed, shortly, perhaps, by the expulsion of the population from whole provinces, if it should appear that there is no limit to the apathy and endurance of Europe.

From ignorance of the ethnography of the Caucasus, much misapprehension exists with regard to the Circassians, and consequently blame was unfairly cast upon them at the

time of the Crimean War for not supporting us more efficiently. When Englishmen talk of Circassia, they use that term for the Caucasus, which they consider as one country; whereas the Eastern and Western Caucasus, which are divided by the pass of Vladi-Kavkas, are entirely distinct, and the Eastern and Western Caucasians again are subdivided into nations which are by no means homogeneous. The error of the prevailing ideas respecting the Caucasus will be understood at once if we imagine ourselves as considering the inhabitants of Chamouni, the Tyrolese, and the people about Laybach as one nation, from whom a common and combined action was to be expected. Four distinct languages are spoken in the Alps between Geneva and Laybach, and in the greater range of the Caucasian chain the various dialects are far more numerous. Sheik Shamyl is usually spoken of as a Circassian, whilst in reality he had no relations with the Circassians. He was himself a Tchetchen, and had united the Lesghis, the Tchetchenes, and the Daghestanlys in a confederation against Russia; the proper name for the region of his exploits is Daghestan, which is a general expression for the Eastern part of the Caucasus, and there is little communication between Daghestan and Circassia, or the western part of the Caucasus running from Anapa to Batum, so that during the war it would have been very difficult for any one from the West to reach Sheik Shamyl. The name Circassian is derived from Teherkess, and designates the people dwelling in the mountains overhanging the Black Sea, and Mingrelia, or the country watered by the Phasis. These are the tribes whose unfortunate fate we have now to deplore.

The Circassians proper are Mussulmans, as are also the Lesghis and Daghestanlys; there are some Christians among the Ossetes, and some of the mountaineers are said to be in a primitive state of ignorance; but it would perhaps be more correct to say of those whose creed is doubtful, as of the Arnauts, that their national sentiments weigh more with them than those of religion. The chief characteristic of the Caucasians is personal courage, and indifference to enormous odds against them in a fight. It happened some years ago that nine or ten Circassians in the Russian service escaped into Prussia, where they thought themselves safe; but on their being

claimed as deserters, the Prussians undertook to deliver them up, and readers of the newspapers may remember how they refused to surrender and were all killed, after having destroyed many times their own number of Prussian soldiers. For many years the Russian post from Georgia had to be escorted through the pass of Vladi-Kavkas by a strong detachment with artillery. The struggle between Russia and the mountaineers has, as is well known, been going on for many years, and although the stronger nation has been gradually advancing, yet except when the Russians have succeeded in taking a village the loss has always been greater on the side of the aggressors. Last year some cannon and ammunition were introduced into Abkhasia, and though the people were not able to make much use of the artillery from want of practice, the stimulus given by this encouragement and succor was such that after receiving it they won nine successive victories over the Russians. Nevertheless, since that time murrain amongst their cattle and famine have utterly ruined their cause; they have not been conquered; but have been reduced by starvation to the lamentable condition which is exciting the pity and horror of Europe.

In considering the political state of the Caucasus, two questions present themselves: Why has England abandoned the Circassians, in spite of the sympathy wrung from us by their perseverance in a patriotic struggle? and why has Russia persisted so long, and at such an expenditure of men and treasure, in the attempt to extend her dominion over barren mountains, the inhabitants of which could not leave their strongholds to attack her, even had they the desire to do so?

It will be remembered that shortly after the Porte declared war against Russia in 1853, news arrived that the Turkish troops had taken Sheketil, or Fort St. Nicholas, the nearest Russian military post to the Turkish frontier; after that, a British naval force acting with the Circassians reduced the other Russian forts along their seaboard; and, lastly, Anapa was taken, and the mountaineers came down into that place, which, however, was restored to Russia at the peace. Let us now recall what was done by the British Government with regard to Circassia, either with a view to securing its in-

dependence, or for the immediate object of carrying on the war. In the spring of 1854, a military officer, a colonel in the Bolivian service, was appointed British Commissioner to the Circassians, and proceeded to Constantinople. His qualifications for this appointment were summed up by a diplomatist in these words: "that the Andes are very high mountains in Bolivia, and that the Caucasus is also a chain of very high mountains." Whilst at Constantinople, the colonel had interviews with some of the Circassian envoys, upon whom he tried to make an impression in the following manner: He laid a dollar upon the table, and then attempted to transfix it with a Sheffield bowie-knife. The first attempt was more detrimental to the embassy mahogany than to the dollar. After these diplomatic arguments, not taken from precedents in Wicquefort, the colonel proceeded to the Crimea, where he was seized with cholera, and returned to Therapia to die. A captain in the navy was next sent out. This appointment was not much happier than the former one; for the captain had no knowledge of the country or its people, and was physically incapacitated for the rough life in Circassia. His diplomatic education seems to have been derived from the same source as that of the colonel; for on arriving in Circassia, he, with much pomp and circumstance loaded a six-barrel revolving rifle before the assembled Circassians, and fired it off. All the six barrels, it is said, went off at once, and the Circassians raised a shout of derision. Now these mistakes arose from national prejudice, and the European would be at a disadvantage in both cases; for Caucasian daggers and swords are of better temper than the Sheffield blades; Lesghi gun-barrels are famous throughout the Caucasus and in Persia, and a Circassian horseman, even at full gallop, would use his rifle with more effect than would most Europeans. Towards the end of the summer of 1854, however, a better appointment was made, and Mr. Longworth, whose character and previous career fully qualified him for the post, was sent to Anapa. As this town is at the western extremity of the Caucasus, he could have no communication with the Daghestanlys under Sheik Shamyl at the other end of the chain. It is necessary to bear this absence of communications in mind with reference to

the peace made by Sheik Shamyl with the Russians;* for it was alleged in the House of Commons as the reason why no provision had been made for the Circassians of the Black Sea coast in the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, that they had not assisted us sufficiently. Meantime, other circumstances operated so as to neutralize the advantages which might have been derived from the Circassians, and such as diminished both their energy and the sympathy felt for them in England. In the first place, no proclamation or manifesto was put forth calling upon them to co-operate with the Allies, and promising to include them in the negotiations which should take place at the end of the war. Some jealousy was shown by the Allies with regard to the supremacy of the Ottoman Porte, notwithstanding that this was more prominently put forward by the Circassians themselves than by the Porte. But the most impolitic measure of all was that at this time some good people thought the opportunity one not to be neglected for putting down what they called the Circassian slave-trade, and pressure was put upon the Porte, and a firman obtained prohibiting the trade. The consequence was intense disgust at Constantinople, which was, perhaps, felt still more strongly by the Circassians, who considered that the western Allies were interfering with them, and were as little friendly to them as the Russians. Even if the trade had been such as the Allies supposed, surely, this was not the moment to raise the question. But the fact is, this interference arose from the misapprehensions which grow out of names wrongly applied. Europeans have given the name of slave to the Circassian damsels who come to Constantinople, and have invested them with that interest and compassion which justly belongs to those victims whom no law protects from the caprice of a master in the United States of America. The truth is far otherwise.

"The purchase and sale of women," says Baron Haxthausen (p. 8), "is deeply rooted in the customs of the nation; every man buys his wife from the father, or from the family.†

* This was after he had arranged the ransom of his son in exchange for his prisoners, the Georgian princesses and their French governess, whose account of that transaction has been published.

† The Circassian buys his wife; but at the same time he is obliged, *pro forma*, to steal her, and carry her off privately. This is the only reputable manner of obtaining possession of the bargain.

On the part of the woman no shame is attached to the transaction, but rather a sense of honor. . . . In her own country a Circassian girl lives in a state of slavish dependence on her father and brothers; her position is therefore raised when a man demands her in marriage, and stakes his fortune to obtain her. The Eastern girl sees in her purchase-price the test of her own value; the higher the offer, the greater her worth. The purchase of women being the common practice among the Circassian tribes, the slave-dealers, to whom they are sold, are to be regarded simply as agents, who dispose of them in marriage in Turkey. Their parents know that a better lot awaits them there than at home, and the girls willingly go to Turkey, where, as this traffic has existed for years, they constantly meet their kindred."

We are, therefore, not surprised when the baron tells us that on one occasion when he was himself present, a vessel having been captured with some Circassian girls on board, the girls were offered their choice,—to be sent back to their own country under safe escort, to marry Russians or Cossacks of their own free selection, to go with the baron to Germany where all women are free, or to accompany the captain of the ship, who would sell them in the slave-market at Constantinople,—unanimously, and without hesitation they exclaimed, "To Constantinople to be sold!"

Our own traveller Mr. Oliphant says of some Circassian damsels whom he saw at their mountain-home,—

"We laughingly asked some of these young ladies if they would come with us to Stamboul; and their eyes sparkled with delight at the idea, as they unhesitatingly expressed their willingness to do so. A Circassian young lady anticipates with as much relish the time when she shall arrive at a marketable age as an English young lady does the prospect of her first London season. But we have prevented the possibility of their forming any more of those brilliant alliances which made the young ladies of Circassia the envy of Turkeydom. The effect is, in fact, very much the same as that which an Act of Parliament would have in this country, forbidding any squire's daughter to marry out of her own parish, thus limiting her choice to the curate, the doctor, and the attorney, and the result in all probability will be anything but beneficial to the morality of the community."

The truth is, that the Circassians are in

the habit of sending their daughters to Constantinople for an establishment, an inducement which is commonly supposed to have some weight even in England. The girls upon their arrival at Constantinople are almost without exception respectably married, and it is ridiculous to use the words "slaves" or "slavery" in such cases.*

Having effected this sentimental reform, we left the Circassians to their fate. The causes which led to their abandonment by England may be summed up in these words: absence of policy on the part of the government, and ignorance and indifference on the part of the nation. As we have seen, no means were taken by a judicious choice of agents to ascertain the condition of Circassia, and to direct public opinion towards what ought to have been done for that country and what it was practicable to do. The Turkish army was uselessly detained in the Crimea, instead of being left free to act in a congenial field of operations; and when at last it was permitted to leave Sebastopol, the season was already too far advanced, and the rains compelled Omer Pasha to put an end to his campaign in Mingrelia, which had begun favorably. When the period of negotiation arrived, it is singular that whilst we were tenacious as to Bolgrad and in keeping Russia away from the mouths of the Danube, not a word was said about stipulations binding the Russians not to resume their blockade of the Circassian coast, and preventing their rebuilding the forts which had been destroyed. Such policy was like leaving one door open whilst making great efforts to close the other. No voice was raised in behalf of the Circassians at the Congress; the opportunity was lost for recognizing their rights as a free and unconquered nation; they were abandoned by England, after all the encouragement she had given them, and her silence confirmed the privilege claimed by the Muscovites of hunting down one of the noblest races of mankind.

*The first attempt that was made, perhaps from benevolent motives, but certainly under a thorough mistake, to interfere with the so-called Circassian slave-trade, was in the time when Lord Ponsonby was our ambassador at Constantinople. It is said that he replied that he did not well know how he could execute his instructions; for the Turkish foreign minister and two of the other ministers were themselves Circassian slaves, and it would be difficult for him to tell them, or to make them understand that they held a degraded position.

But to return to the inquiry why the Russians have spent so much blood and treasure in conquering the barren Circassian mountains. The mountains of the Caucasian chain are of no value in themselves, and their acquisition can only be looked upon as a means to an end. A wide extent of territory inhabited by Tatars intervened between the Caucasus and the provinces inhabited by a Russian population, so that the Russian Empire had no danger to apprehend from the Circassians; but Russia had obtained by fraud the Christian kingdom of Georgia.* The Russian yoke is not sufficiently light to reconcile a nation to submit to it forever, especially a nation which has a history and a church dating from the fourth century, and has maintained its separate existence through the wars of Timur and of the Persian monarchy; and Russia has reason to fear that Georgia will reassert her independence under some one of the surviving heirs of her ancient kings. With the Caucasus for a bulwark and its mountaineers for their allies, the Georgians might have again enjoyed national independence; but their chances of success will be very much diminished when the Caucasus shall have been depopulated, or its population so reduced as to be no longer capable of offering any resistance. But it is not merely for the sake of holding Georgia that the czar seeks to rivet his chains upon that country. Russia has no superabundant population to dispose of, and Siberia affords her a means of getting rid of disaffected subjects, so that her army of the Caucasus is not a political necessity for her, but only an expedient, and the advantages to be derived from the revenues of Georgia cannot be such as to counterbalance the expenditure for an army seldom less than a hundred and fifty thousand men, unless there were another object in view. This army in Georgia is a menace against Turkey and Persia; it presses especially upon Persia, and the continual fear of Russia has checked the progress and development of that country, which in the last few years, since it has been left more to itself, has laid down telegraphs, and in other respects has been steadily advancing. Friends

*The queen mother and her son King George XIII. were induced to leave Georgia and proceed to Russia, where this last of the Georgian kings surrendered his inheritance and the independence of his country to the Czar Paul; and in 1801, Georgia was united to Russia.

of Russia say that she has civilized Georgia; but beyond introducing the French language amongst the upper classes of Tiflis, and erecting a theatre there, it is difficult to say in what way Georgia has been benefited by the Russian occupation. What Russian civilization is there, may be learned from Lermontoff's "Life in the Caucasus," which has been translated into French and English, and of which it may fairly be said that it equals in iniquity the worst of French novels.

But Russia has an ulterior object in subjugating the Caucasian mountaineers, and this one more especially concerns England. So long as the Circassians and Daghestanly could maintain their strongholds, and were in a position to occupy the passes of the Caucasus, Russia could not make use of Georgia as a safe base of operations against India; and of this we were repeatedly warned, whilst there was yet time to have done something by treaty stipulations to avert the evil. Alas! that the warnings should have been unheeded.

Although Sheik Shamyl is not a Circassian, and his people have never combined with the mountaineers near the Black Sea, yet as he has so long been the protagonist in the Caucasian drama, it would be impossible not to mention him in writing of the Caucasus. His life offers a singular parallel to that of another man who has similarly occupied the attention of Europe. He and Abd-el-Kader both struggled at the head of their people for many years against overwhelming military force. Sheik Shamyl (or Shamuy), as his name should be spelled, for it is the same as Samuel) has shown much more power of organization, and a higher military capacity than the Algerine Emir; but he had a mountain fastness into which he could retire to prepare for another blow, whilst Abd-el-Kader could only retreat into the shifting sands of the desert, and disperse his followers in order to reunite them at some other point. These two men have alike closed a noble career ingloriously, and the motive with both has been personal ambition. Sheik Shamyl was not the hereditary chief of the confederation of which he was the soul. He owed his authority solely to his religious character, and to his military capacity: he wished to bequeath this chieftainship to his son. The tribes were not willing to acquiesce, and being disappointed in these expectations,

Shamyl treated with the Russians, and, instead of dying at his post and bequeathing to history an unsullied name, which would have ranked with that of William Tell, he unfortunately preferred to become a pensioned prisoner of the enemy, whom he had so long defied. If he had been only wearied with a hopeless struggle, and anxious to save his countrymen from further sufferings, it was open to him to have bid them make terms for themselves and to have taken refuge in some other part of Asia, closing his days in devotion, thus ending his life as he had commenced it. Again, although Abd-el-Kader had been imprisoned in France in violation of the plighted word of a French general and of a son of the French king, yet when a sovereign of another French dynasty set him again at liberty, gratitude required him not to take part or to act against his liberator. These feelings did not, however, make it necessary for him to become a flatterer of the French, and an agent of France, on account of the prospect of the Government of Syria that was dangled before his eyes. In short, both Sheik Shamyl and Abd-el-Kader have preferred the part of Themistocles to that of Leonidas.

The prestige of the diplomacy of Russia is far greater than that of her army, and it has not been in any way lessened by the events of late years; whilst, on the contrary, the ideas formed of the Russian army in 1812 and 1815 have been materially modified. The almost uniform success of the Russian schemes has given rise to the erroneous belief that the generality of Russian diplomatic agents are superior to those of other countries, and particularly to those of England. The success of Russia is owing as much to her having an undeviating policy, and to the sleepless activity and concentrated attention of her Foreign Office, as to the somnolent indifference to the rest of the world. Russians as individuals are not only not superior, but they cannot claim to be equal to educated Englishmen: their education does not admit of it. For instance, they pass for the first linguists of Europe, because they learn from their nurses and governesses to talk German, English, and French with fluency; but it is notorious that at the Court of the Emperor Nicholas, their own language was entirely neglected, and many ladies were actually unable to

speak it at all. To be a linguist it is necessary to be a grammarian, and there is no other road to that accomplishment than to plod through the Latin grammar; so that it was not without good reason that Joseph de Maistre drew the boundary of civilized Europe there where Latin ceased to be taught. Russian diplomacy has an advantage in the entire concurrence of action on the part of her agents, and their unswerving obedience to their orders,—backed by the fear of Siberia. This is wanting in England, as it must be in all free countries; but in the occasional independent advice and action of such men as Lord Ponsonby and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and in the energy and freely expressed opinions of unofficial persons, our country finds much to counterbalance the unfitness of many of our public agents. We extract a valuable and striking passage from Mr. Oliphant's account of Omer Pasha's Transcaucasian campaign, published before the peace:—

“Both these objects (the promotion of English and Mingrelian interests), as it appears to me, might be gained by stipulations which should have the effect of abolishing those mercantile restrictions which have retarded the progress of the province, and of doing away with that monopoly of trade which Russia purchased at Redout Kaleh alone, but which she most unjustly exercises throughout the whole length of the coast. By throwing Mingrelia open to commercial enterprise, a new and profitable market would be created for our manufactures, whilst the resources of the country would be developed, and the prosperity of the population proportionately advanced. It does not seem that in making these demands we should be asking, either with respect to Abkhasia or Mingrelia, more than we have a right to expect; but whether we make peace and obtain independence for one, and free trade for the other, or make war and gain only a valuable strategical position for ourselves, let us hope that those political men who have hitherto riveted their delighted gaze upon the shattered docks of Sebastopol may extend the range of their mental vision to the opposite shore of the Black Sea; and as they gradually acquire a hazy consciousness of the existence of Russia in that quarter, may admit that the campaign which has just been prosecuted in those newly discovered regions has not been altogether barren of political and military results.”

But Mr. Oliphant wrote in vain. These

considerations passed unheeded; the campaign was barren of all political results; and the Treaty of Paris having ignored the existence of the Circassians, Russia began again to carry on a war of extermination against them. Suffering more from famine than from the prowess of Russian arms, the Circassians, driven to despair, sent two deputies to England in 1862. One of these, Hajy Hassen Hayder, was at forty an aged man with eighteen wounds on his body, and worn down with a life passed in privation and warfare ever since his childhood. These deputies addressed a petition to the queen, dated the 26th August, in which they represented that their country was independent, that the Ottoman Government had never possessed it, and that therefore Russia could not pretend to claim it in virtue of any treaties with the Porte. They complained that Russia led Europe to believe that the Circassians were barbarians or savages, who, if left alone, would destroy their neighbors' property. This opinion Russia has certainly done her best to disseminate. It is reported that the late Said Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, was one day talking of the Circassians, and that the Russian consul who was present would not lose the opportunity to make the observation, “If a man steals a horse or a cow, we call him a Tcherkeess.” Said Pasha replied, “Yes; and if he seizes a whole province, then he is called a czar.”

The petition goes on to state that—

“The tyranny of the Russians was not confined to capturing our cattle, burning our dwellings and temples, and other unheard-of atrocities, but in order to starve us on the mountains they destroyed all our growing crops in the plain, and captured our land. . . . If we were to emigrate, abandoning our homes for ages protected by our forefathers, who shed their blood for them, our poverty would prove a great obstacle to our doing so; in fact, how could we take away our own wives and children, and the widows, orphans, and helpless relations of those slain in this war. Such an undertaking would decimate the emigrants, and blot out forever our Caucasian name from the face of the earth.”

In the presence of these difficulties they implore the protection of the queen, and pray her to interfere to prevent the extermination of a nation numbering a million of souls: these are the Circassians and Abkhassians.

(We now know that these sad forebodings of the consequences of a forced emigration have been far surpassed by the reality, and that decimation is no word for the mortality that has overtaken the emigrants.) The only answer to this petition was a letter, dated September 12th, 1862, acquainting the deputies that "Her Majesty's Government cannot interfere in the matter referred to in their petition." Technically, perhaps, the Foreign Office could give no other answer, its hands being tied by the neglect of the Congress of Paris to establish the real position of Circassia toward Russia, and the false position assumed by Russia had apparently been acquiesced in; or, as Pozzo di Borgo said, "The public opinion of Europe has given the Caucasus to Russia."* Similar indifference led Europe to acquiesce in the partition of Poland, which the British minister of that day described as a curious transaction. There is this distinction, however, between the two,—that England had had no special relations with the Poles before the partition; whereas we called upon the Circassians to co-operate with us, and they did make a diversion in our favor by attacking the Russian territory during the operations of the Turkish army. Russia has set a precedent, which might have been used in favor of Circassia, by her remonstrances in behalf of the Montenegrins, whom no one ever thought of disturbing until they descended from their mountains on head-hunting expeditions into the plain.†

The conduct and policy of Russia in Circassia and in Poland has been very similar; the cruelties exercised in Poland have excited more sympathy from being better known; yet that sympathy has been barren, because we are told that action is impracticable to us in a country which is washed by no sea. But as this objection does not hold in the case of Circassia, should we let the extermination of the mountaineers pass without remonstrance,

* Reference to the "Correspondence respecting the Regulations issued by the Russian Government in regard to Trade with the Eastern Coast of the Black Sea," presented to the House of Commons in February, 1863, will show that Lord Malmesbury did his best to turn to account the meagre stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, to the advantage of the Circassians, and that he commenced a policy which, had it been sustained, might have averted their downfall.

† We are glad to welcome Lady Strangford's pretty book, "The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic," in which an interesting account is given of the Montenegrins and their prince

the public opinion of Europe will have just cause for saying that in England, the will, rather than the power, has been wanting to withstand triumphant wrong.

The French, who during the Crimean War were so indifferent to the interests of their allies, and who prevented the departure of Omer Pasha's army from the Crimea till it was too late in the year for military operations in Transcaucasia, may now be sorry for the downfall of Circassia, which will enable the Russians to press still more heavily upon the unfortunate Poles. They will have yet more cause for regret should the Russian policy of depopulation now going on in the Caucasus be carried out also in Poland. We have already referred to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and a further parallel may be drawn from that event. Henri IV., either from political motives or from Protestant feelings of opposition to the Inquisition, had opened some communications with the Moriscoes; but when they were actually expelled, he shrunk from rendering them any effective assistance, and left Spain to triumph in her cruelty, and to set an example which was in due time imitated by Louis XIV., under whom, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Protestants, for whom his grandfather had struggled so long, were made to undergo all the horrors, the sufferings, and decimation experienced by the Moriscoes.

Even from the history of these earlier persecutions but a faint idea can be formed of the cold, the famine, the diseases which have been destroying the unfortunate Circassians while waiting upon a shore within the grasp of Russia, which will not suffer Ottoman or even English commissioners to approach its victims, either to alleviate their misery, or to be witnesses of her own tyranny. And yet greater sufferings await them when they disembark on the Turkish coasts, where no preparation has been made for them. Shall modern Europe, one of whose everlastingly recurring watchwords is the cry of humanity, submit to the disgrace of not being more enlightened than inquisitorial fanatics of the Middle Ages? We can scarcely endure to read of such cruelties in the records of distant ages; yet when they are repeated under our own eyes by a government which calls itself Christian,* we cannot attempt to stay

* It appears from the parliamentary papers respecting the settlement of Circassian emigrants,

the hand of the oppressor, or to tell him that he who does such deeds can only be regarded—indeed, is already regarded—as an enemy of mankind. But at least we may stretch forth our hands to relieve the misery which we have done nothing to avert, to aid with purse and with effective management

that the expulsion of the mountaineers has been the direct act of the Russian Government. That government, it is true, offered the mountaineers the choice of settling in the steppes of the Kouban, or of emigrating to Turkey. But had they accepted the former alternative, they would equally have suffered loss of home, ruin, decimation, and national annihilation. We find the following passage in the *Bulletin du Caucase*, in the *Journal de St. Petersburg* of May 19, 1864: "In the course of the month of March, thirty thousand individuals left Touapre; about fifty thousand others await their turn to embark at Anapa, Novorossusk, Djouba, and Touapre, and at least as many more will go forth from the coasts of the Oubykh and Djighete territo-

ries. It is thus that the resistance of the last and most obstinate of the hostile tribes has been overcome, thanks to the perseverance and unheard-of labors of the troops of the Caucasus. Although it cannot be asserted that the war in the Caucasus is completely terminated until our soldiers shall have overrun all the mountain passes, and shall have driven out the last of the inhabitants, it is to be hoped that we shall no longer meet with any obstinate resistance anywhere, and that especially on account of their numerical weakness, the tribes that have remained in the defiles of the mountains can no longer be considered as the source of any danger to ourselves."

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SENTENCE OF DEPOSITION ON BISHOP COLENZO. —Messrs. Brooks and Dubois, proctors for the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown, served a copy of the following sentence of deposition on Bishop Colenso: "Whereas in and by the sentence pronounced by us on the 16th of December, 1863, against the Bishop of Natal, we did adjudge to suspend the operation of the said sentence until the 16th of April, 1864, for the purpose of affording the said Bishop of Natal an opportunity of retracting and recalling the extracts therein mentioned and referred to; And whereas the said sentence so delivered by us on the said 16th of December, 1863, was personally served on the said Bishop of Natal at 23 Sussex Place, Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, on the 26th day of January, 1864, as appears from the affidavit of service thereof, duly filed of record; And whereas it has been proved, to our satisfaction, that the Bishop of Natal did not on or before the 4th day of March last past file of record with Douglas Dubois, of No. 7, Godliman Street, Doctors' Commons, London, proctor, solicitor, and notary public, our commissary in England, a full, unconditional, and absolute retraction, in writing, of the extracts so mentioned and referred to in the said sentence, nor did on or before the 16th day of April instant, file with the registrar of this diocese, at his office, in Capetown, such full, unconditional, and absolute retraction and recall of the said extracts; And whereas the said sentence has now, in terms of the provisions thereof, and

by reason of the premises, become of full force and effect; Now, therefore, we do hereby adjudge and decree the sentence so pronounced on the said 16th of December, 1863, to be of full force, virtue, and effect from and after this date; and we do accordingly, decree and sentence the said Bishop of Natal to be deposed from the said office as such bishop, and prohibited from the exercise of any divine office within any part of the Metropolitan Province of Capetown. In testimony whereof we have hereunto caused our episcopal seal to be affixed, and do subscribe our hand this 18th day of April in the year of our Lord 1864, and do deliver the same to the registrar of this diocese to be duly recorded.

"(Signed)

R. CAPETOWN (L.S.)."

ONE of the most interesting anniversaries in London is that of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, when a choir of two hundred voices give choice music beneath the dome of St. Paul's, and a sermon is preached in aid of the charity. This year the two hundred and tenth anniversary was celebrated, with no abatement of interest.

A DISEASE among cattle, similar to that which has created some anxiety in this country, has proved very fatal in the Campagna around Rome. The Papal Government has lately published an extended report upon this disease, the contagious character of which it is said, is fully proved.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ART.*

THE Physiology of Authors and Artists is not a promising title; but it must be admitted that M. Deschanel has contrived to write a very amusing little book about it. The general object which he has in view is to describe the influence of physical causes, including the character and state of the author's own body, upon the production of works of art. He begins at the very beginning, with a discussion of the relations of the body and the soul, the object of which is to prove that they are reciprocally influenced by each other. It is odd that such a proposition should require the support of illustration or argument; but M. Deschanel has elaborately worked out his theory, and gives his readers the benefit of the whole of it, with a good faith which shows that he really has taken the trouble to think and observe on the subject. Every writer, he says, who writes upon anything but pure science, has his own peculiar style. The matter is common to all; but the form differs with every different person, inasmuch as the time in which he lives, the climate in which he writes, his race, sex, age, temperament, character, and profession, all affect to some extent the point of view from which he looks at this subject. M. Deschanel need not have excepted scientific books. There is a vast deal of difference between the style of different mathematicians. French mathematicians, for instance, differ widely from English writers on mathematics, and such books as Johnson's Dictionary and Cobbett's Grammar show how the driest and most technical subjects can be made to illustrate the character of their authors at every page. Would any one but Johnson have defined a lexicographer as a harmless drudge? or would any one but Cobbett have taken all his illustrations of bad grammar from King's Speeches and the despatches of Tory peers, with a special preference for those who were good classical scholars? Perhaps an even better illustration of Cobbett's ponderous untrained sturdiness is to be found in his recommendation for learning the French genders. Take a dictionary, he tells his pupil, and copy out all the nouns into a blank book, arranging them in two

columns, the masculine on the right hand, the feminine on the left. Carry the little book about in your pocket, and keep constantly reading it over till you know it by heart. You will thus learn both the words and their genders. So dense was the sturdy old sergeant that, though he followed his own prescription, it never seems to have occurred to him that a large majority of French nouns are masculine, and that, by making out a list of the feminine nouns alone, he would materially reduce the clumsiness of his contrivance.

M. Deschanel pursues his subject through all the branches mentioned above. He has chapters on the effect of the period, the climate, the race, sex, age, temperament, character, profession, hereditary disposition, and health of the writer on his works. The remarks have little in themselves that is novel; but the illustrations are very shrewd and often exceedingly amusing. To apply his own method, they are beyond all controversy the choice of a French journalist of the nineteenth century. Knowing the authors of the various passages which he cites, he asks, with an air of perfect good faith, whether they could possibly have been written by any one else than their authors. Does not this sentence show that Madame de Sevigné must have been born in Burgundy, and this other that Montaigne must have been an Anglo-Gascon? The result of this way of writing is that M. Deschanel manages to say a great number of very clever things, though it may be doubted whether he will succeed in convincing those who do not happen to begin by agreeing with him. Take, for instance, the following observation on the English cast of thought:—

"The complicated turn of the English temperament, even when the leading principle is right, differs much from French clearness and rapidity. The latter is a charm and amusement for the reader; the former is at first fatiguing, and long continues to be laborious, until one is accustomed to it. What complications there are! what circuits! how the principal idea, crossed by all sorts of accessory ideas, encumbered with exceptions, restrictions, and modifications,—by contraries, as they say in rhetoric,—struggles to disengage and produce itself! What a Cæsarean operation is necessary for its birth! but when at last it is brought forth, what vigor, what familiar eloquence, what arguments from common life! how vigorously the idea be-

* *Physiologie des Ecrivains et des Artistes ou Essai de Critique Naturelle.* Par Emile Deschanel. Paris: 1864.

haves, how it kicks and hits, how it makes all fly! Even jokes among these vigorous people with their strong nerves are thrown, as it were, with a catapult."

It is satisfactory to find out one Frenchman, at all events, who has discovered that Englishmen are, after all, capable of thinking, and even of reasoning, and that logic is not the exclusive property of the French. M. Deschanel, however, in his eagerness to make the most of temperament, does not seem to see that, if our English reflections are complicated, that may be the fault of the facts, as well as of the minds which describe the facts. If you want to see and to describe a thing as it is, the *idée principale* must be crossed and complicated with a number of qualifications and complications, because the thing itself is so in fact. It is only by a due attention to, and statement of, these qualifications and restrictions that it is possible to attain the vigor with which we are credited. Without them, the principle idea is apt to be nothing more than the vaguest kind of generality. Bring almost any proposition into any real relation with actual life, and it instantly becomes complicated and intricate. For instance, it is easy to say, "All men are born free and equal;" but if the proposition is to be anything more than a platitude, it must be thrown into some such form as this: "A legislator who intends to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number will forward that object by so arranging the distribution of property, at a given time and place, as to make the largest number of shares reach such an amount as will support a family in what is there and then considered to be a state of comfort, and by so regulating the laws as to forbid no other actions than those which produce an amount of pain exceeding the sum of the pain produced, directly and indirectly, by the restraint from doing them and the punishment for having done them." If any one will take the trouble to understand this sentence, he will see that it expresses a definite meaning to which every part of it contributes, and he will also discover that it is nearly the only proximately true meaning which can be attached to the proposition that men are born free and equal. It is, in reality, the clearer of the two statements; for it is far more explicit than the other, and less ambiguous. It is also superior in point of rapidity; for, by reading it

over carefully two or three times, you can see just what it means; whereas the proposition that men are born free and equal may mean any one of several different things. Which of them it means no amount of study of the proposition itself will determine.

M. Deschanel takes a very candid view of the controversy about the French and English national character, on which so many people have something to say. His view of the matter is certainly so flattering to our own national prejudices that no Englishman would have ventured to put it forward:—

"Nations have, like individuals, a primary temperament which they generally obey, and on which the greater part of their character depends. The Athenians and French are essentially nervous. The Romans and the English have sanguine and muscular temperaments. . . . The Romans and English, muscular, square, and positive, seem like male nations; whilst Greece and France, nervous, enthusiastic, capricious, always in extremes, better or worse, always higher or lower than others, are more like female nations. Louis Plau, the excellent art-critic, says very shrewdly, France holds amongst nations the place which woman occupies in society. She tames the rudeness of man by the delicacy of her sentiment, and communicates a benevolent warmth to masculine activity by the seductive vivacity and ready enthusiasm of her nature. Thus, France has all the virtues of women,—devotion amiability, practical good sense, and instinctive perception of what is becoming; also all feminine weaknesses,—vanity, levity, versatility, and a passion for military glory."

This is just one of those smart sayings which must not be pressed too far, but which have nevertheless a kind of truth about them. Many of the great French writers and politicians have had as little of the woman about them as any Englishman could have. Bossuet, Corneille, Descartes, Colbert, Mirabeau, Danton, Napoleon (though, to be sure, he was more of an Italian than a Frenchman), M. Guizot, and numerous others, have contributed in various forms, and in reference to many distinct subjects, as much of the "muscular, square, positive" element as could well be put into human beings. M. Deschanel has, of course, his little theory about several of these remarkable men, and about others who showed analogous qualities. He tells us little stories about them which are sometimes singularly happy. For instance,

after analyzing Corneille, and explaining how he wrote as he did because he was a Norman by birth and had been an advocate by profession, he quotes the following charming little poem addressed to a young lady who had not been quite civil to him. He says with truth, "Le sujet est léger, le rythme court, mais on y retrouve la fierté de l'homme, et aussi l'ampleur du tragique." The verses are probably new to our readers. They are well worth reading:—

" Marquise, si mon visage
A quelques traits un peu vieux,
Souvenez-vous qu'a mon age
Vous ne vaudrez guère mieux.

" Le temps aux plus belles choses
Se plait a faire un affront,
Et saura faner vos roses
Comme il a ridé mon front.

" Le meme cours des planètes
Règle nos jours et nos nuits ;
On m'a vu ce que vous êtes,
Vous serez ce que je suis.

" Cependant j'ai quelques charmes
Qui sont assez éclatants
Pour n'avoir pas trop d'alarmes
De ces ravages du temps.

" Vous en avez qu'on adore,
Mais ceux que vous méprisez
Pourraient bien durer encore
Quand ceux-la seront usés.

" Ils pourront sauver la gloire
Des yeux qui me semblent doux,
Et dans mille ans faire croire
Ce qu'il me plaira de vous.

" Chez cette race nouvelle
Ou j'aurai quelque crédit,
Vous ne passerez pour belle
Qu'autant que je l'aurai dit.

" Pensez-y, belle Marquise,
Quoiqu'un grison fasse effroi,
Il vaut qu'on le courtise
Quand il est fait comme moi."

The last four stanzas in particular are brimful of spirit, and the mixture of pride and vanity which they display is so remarkable that it seems impossible that it should have ever occurred in more than one person.

M. Deschanel does not himself inspire much confidence; but he is full of wit and shrewdness and entertaining illustrations. His great theory is, that the circumstances to which his different chapters relate affect a writer's literary works, and this may, we trust with-

out offence, be called a truism. He seems, also, to labor under a fear of being considered a materialist, against which imputation he vindicates himself, according to the manner of French writers, by talking about *l'idée, le droit*, and so on. And all this is worked up into a good many pages of not merely harmless but laudable rhetoric, the general result of which appears to be that the world in which we live is composed of a great deal of matter, and more or less spirit, capable of making eloquent protests against its rival and partner when the occasion requires it to do so. Whether all this is or is not philosophy, M. Deschanel has written an amusing little book and said many things worth remembering.

From The London Review, 30 July.

BATHING AT THE SEASIDE.

LONDON has grown much larger, and the Thames much dirtier, and the principles of health have become better understood, and the terrible battle of existence is more fiercely and eagerly and closely contested now than in the days not very long gone by, when the frugal Mrs. Gilpin proposed to her well-to-do husband, John, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their married life, and signalize the very first holiday they had ever taken by a simple dinner at the suburban village of Edmonton. The modern Mrs. Gilpin would be more likely to address her husband at breakfast somewhat in this fashion: "It's two years, dear, since we had a dip in the sea. Last year, after the failure of Whirligig and Grumby, you did not think it prudent to increase our expenditure until we had pulled up those losses; but we have been so fortunate since, that I really think we can afford a month at Ramsgate, or, at least, at Margate, this year. It would do the children a world of good, and I am sure no one wants a little rest, fresh air, and recreation more than you do yourself, you dear, hard-working slave of a man!" To which the modern "linen-draper bold," who, instead of being "a train-band captain," is a sergeant in a volunteer corps, might reply, "Except yourself, you dear, devoted slave of a wife and mother!" And thereupon the trip to the seaside is settled.

How did our ancestors get on without trips

to the seaside? How did people contrive to live without spending at least one month of the twelve at a watering-place? It is surprising what a modern invention, historically speaking, the English system of sea-bathing is. We pride ourselves, as a nation, upon our cleanliness in all things, but still more, if possible, upon the attention which we pay to the purification of our persons than to our clothing and our residences. It is difficult to realize the fact that our marine watering-places are all of modern growth, and that our grandfathers and grandmothers were educated in a hydrophobic terror of water, and an avoidance and exclusion of fresh air and ventilation, which are not to be accounted for by any theory of folly and ignorance combined with which we are acquainted. Not that all English watering-places are only of the modern growth of one or two generations. The inland mineral springs, which were the foundation of medicinal bathing, are nearly all of ancient date; but their proper and decorous use bears no proportion to the length of their existence. As to the seaside resorts, it is not wonderful that, in the old days of naval warfare and piratical prowlings, people whose business did not naturally compel them to live near the coast, kept as far out of the reach of chance visitors from the ocean as possible.

Mr. D. Urquhart, the champion of the Eastern mode of bathing, whose writings upon the subject induced an Irish physician, Dr. Barter, of Blarney, to erect the first Turkish bath ever seen in Christian Europe, gives an amusing account of the comments made by a Turkish lieutenant of a man-of-war who, whilst smoking, was watching the ablutions of an officer of a British man-of-war, which lay near. "Allah be praised!" he said, taking the amber from his mouth; "that poor devil wishes to be clean, if he only knew how. See! how he dabbles, and throws back upon his face and neck the foul, thick, greasy, nasty puddle. And now he rubs down and presses into his skin all that filth with a damp towel, and feels quite satisfied that he is washed and clean. Allah be praised!" But the Turkish bath is only a form or a copy of the old Roman and Grecian hot-air bath, and, how charming soever may be its cleansing and restorative powers, the thought of it is by no means agreeable or refreshing in these scorching, sunny days of

summer. Far more tempting are the cool splash of the ocean brine, and that peculiarly fresh and invigorating odor which comes from the open sea. Even as we sit broiling and working, with the yellow atmosphere of London stretching away over our field of vision, we fancy a faint scent of sea-breeze comes in at the open window, and intimates that a delightful "header" may be within the range of possibility. Unless cleanliness be accepted as a very modern handmaiden of godliness, how are we to judge of the piety of our forefathers? The luxury of the heathen Romans in their baths and modes of bathing was so offensive and repugnant to Christian morality, propriety, and decency, that studied neglect of the person became a distinguishing characteristic of those early Christians who set themselves most zealously in pious opposition to pagan customs. And when we remember that the ancient name of a public bath has come down to our own times as a synonym for a place of the most infamous resort, we shall cease to wonder at the long and stern contest which Christianity has been forced to wage against a system of deep demoralization fostered under the semblance of cleanliness, and at the strange tales of the boastful negligence of washing by even eminent and learned churchmen, laymen, and ladies of the early and middle ages. The plain truth is, that with the ancient Romans bathing was resorted to, not for ablution, but for luxury. Those masters of the world, when they abandoned the grim severity of their republican manners, and adopted the sensualism and effeminacy of the Lydians and Sybarites, spent a large part of their time in baths, which they adorned in the most profuse splendor, making them shine with costly marbles and precious stones, with silver and with gold. Here they would sit for hours, reading, conversing, receiving friends, and killing time in a hundred ways, of which the least objectionable was mere indolence. We have but to read Juvenal, to know the corrupt uses to which the system was turned; and there can be no doubt that the vicious indulgences which cloaked themselves under a pretext of salubrity, had much to do with the decay and ruin of the vast Roman Empire. The strong, hardy, and withal dirty Northmen seem to have extinguished the system of hot bathing in which imperial Rome had so long revelled; but for some reason or other it sur-

vived in the Eastern Empire,—probably because that part of Europe was less influenced than the west by the example of barbarian manners. When the Turks took Constantinople in the fifteenth century, they were as rough, unkempt, and unwashed as any Goth or Hun that ever marched under Alaric or Attila; but they were not slow in adopting the system of bathing which they found in full existence among the people they had conquered, and it must be added that they were equally quick in assimilating those vices which the supple Greek had preserved through all the changes of government and religion. The Turks became externally clean, and internally, in many cases, foul enough. The excessive stress which their faith lays upon personal ablutions made them the more ready to adopt a system which they found made to their hands; and it has thus come to pass that the luxury of bathing has never quitted the shores of the Bosphorus from the days when the rude Thracian first softened his primeval manners to the existing moment. The “Turkish Bath,” as we have said, is but the ancient Greek or Roman bath revived.

This, however, is not what an Englishman understands by bathing. The Romans had their hot-baths in this island, and a species of sweating-bath has always been known among the Irish peasantry; but the modern Briton’s idea of a bath is for the most part associated with a cold plunge in the river or the sea. At this time of year, thousands of Londoners are looking forward with eager anticipation to the salt sting and savor and renovating freshness of a dip in the cool waves off Margate, or Ramsgate, or Brighton, or Scarborough, or Hastings, or some other of the many delightful watering-places with which our shores are thickly sprinkled. Many of our weary workers are off already; many more will depart in the coming weeks of August, and until the autumn is far advanced the lodging-house keepers will know no rest from their profitable toils. London is already thinning; in a short time longer, the Strand and Cheapside, Oxford Street and the parks, will exhibit an unmistakable and most obvious difference in the number of persons

passing to and fro. Belgravia will be a desert,—Tyburnia like a city in a fairy tale, where all the people are mysteriously asleep, and the gallant young prince has not yet arrived to waken them up by kissing the lips of the somnolent beauty. It would be curious if we could have, some census year, a supplementary statement of the number of persons sleeping in the metropolis on the night of the 31st of August, in addition to the usual figures with reference to the 30th of April. We should then see the extent of our annual depletion. A division into districts would hardly be necessary. We know already, but too well, that this yearly refreshment of body and soul is only for the well-to-do. The western section of London contributes by far the largest contingent; the south, also, pours forth its holiday seekers; but the north and east have little share in the observance. Mile End and Bethnal Green are represented at the seaside by few indeed, save travelling showmen, itinerant nigger minstrels, and nomadic swell-mobsmen. Victoria Park is not abandoned with the advancing season to disconsolate nursery-maids and misanthropical “keepers,” like Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, but flourishes as gayly and is as well attended in September as in May. This restriction of a good and necessary thing to the minority is one of the saddest considerations in connection with the autumnal period of recruiting. There is no time of rest and refreshment and oxygenization of the blood for those who most sorely need the change. Happily, however, the railway system of late years has done something toward redressing this evil. The excursion trains, every now and then, remind us with hideous abruptness that we are all mortal; but they enable, at a moderate expense, large bodies of our poorer fellow-creatures to spend seven or eight hours in the green rural places far away, or by the life-breathing margin of the sea, and thus allow us, who have more time and money at our disposal, to feel a little less uneasy in our consciences as we lounge in easy coat and wide-awake hat, within sight of the French coast, or on the shores of the German Ocean, or by the long-rolling waves and mighty murmur of the Atlantic deep.

From The Saturday Review.
SANCTUARIES.

THE recent fire in the Chapel of the Savoy suggests the curious reflection that, had such a catastrophe occurred two centuries ago, it would have been esteemed one of the greatest blessings that could possibly have befallen London. Within those spacious precincts of the ducal palace of which the only relics now are charred ruins, was collected at that time as varied a medley of nuisances as it is possible to imagine. There congregated a community of desperate exiles from the world, protected only by their chosen prison from the penalties of waging war against society; beyond the reach of law and justice; liable, most or all of them, had such a fire as that of last month driven them from their magic circle, to be hung by scores at Tyburn, hard by where now stands the Marble Arch. A strange law, that a palace should avail to protect its neighborhood against the law of the land! A most mischievous law, one would think, that inside those Savoy precincts sheriff and constable might never enter,—that thief and murderer and debtor could rest as tranquilly within those four brick walls as if there were no hindrance from law against every one doing what seemed right in his own eyes. Yet it was a law which, for all that, had its source in a kind and wise institution of the world's most ancient law-giver; for its origin may be traced to the six cities of refuge which, on the plains of Moab, Moses is related to have proposed to the Israelites to build. The object of those cities was that anybody who by misadventure had killed a neighbor should flee to some one of them, and find in it a retreat from the fury of the avenger. To protect a wilful murderer sanctuaries were never intended. Whoever took refuge in one was forced, even though he clung to the altar, to give himself up to the proper authorities for trial. If he then proved that he had "slain his neighbor without guile," the law promised to defend him from further molestation; if not, his temporary hiding-place was open to him no longer. It was a benevolent provision, both for giving time for the surviving relatives' anger to cool down, and for affording the innocent object of their resentment an opportunity to justify himself. Unfortunately, however, the world has refused to keep to the original model, and

has consequently corrupted on the pretence of improving it.

Whence or when the Greeks got the notion of sanctuaries, we do not know; but it is certain that, when they began to extend their territories eastward, they found and carried back with them the custom of making every temple, sacred grove, and statue of a god a sanctuary for criminal, debtor, and slave. By whatever channels the institution travelled through Asia Minor, one most vital alteration had by this time been introduced. We have seen that the refuge was originally probationary only,—a security against Lynch-law; among the heathens it was absolute. In the temple of a god no violence might intrude, no discord might violate his domain. As the natural consequence, every holy place was perpetually tenanted by a crowd of refugees, who evaded the laws by turning the temple into a dwelling, and hailed in every new deity and in every new votive building a fresh step toward the abolition of all punishments. With beautiful and discriminating pathos, twenty-three centuries ago, Euripides bewailed that "they who should be driven from the altars of the gods are instead protected by them; that places which ought to be a sanctuary for the just, to shelter from injury and oppression, are allowed to show equal favor to the evil and the good." This was a result widely different from the original design of cities of refuge. Yet there remained in Athens alone, till the latest moment of its independence, no fewer than seventeen of these sanctuaries, utterly beyond the reach of law, and in which justice might be defied with impunity. On this point it need only be added, that the system was allowed to remain down to the final conquest of Greece by Rome; that one of the first innovations then made by the conquerors was its abolition; and that until the time of Justinian the Romans never disfigured their jurisprudence with such a perpetual obstacle to domestic prosperity and social order. By that time, as was the case all the world over, sanctuaries abounded on every hand; for with the introduction of Christianity into a country, the introduction of this institution seems to have been a universal consequence. At all events, we find it, as we have already stated, spread through the great empire of the East. Just about the same time we meet

with a proof that it was established in France, in a story told of one of her kings, Chilperic, who died about the end of the sixth century. One of his sons, having incurred the royal displeasure, is related to have fled to the sanctuary of Tours. Offended majesty ran after him, and demanded restitution of its son, threatening, if the bishop of the place refused, to ravage the church's lands thereabouts. The bishop (Gregory the historian) made answer, that "Christians could not be guilty of an act unheard of among pagans." Thereupon King Chilperic wrote an autograph letter to St. Martin, whose tomb was in the sanctuary, requesting permission to take away his son by force. "The honest saint," as Mr. Hallam puts it, "returned no answer;" and his majesty had to content himself with devastating the neighboring estates. Even so bad a Christian as he was did not dare to infringe on the privileges of a city of refuge in the sixth century after Christ.

It was probably not until after the conversion of our Saxon forefathers to Christianity that the law of sanctuary became known in this country. The Broad Sanctuary of Westminster appears to have been the first, and claims for its founder Edward the Confessor, some five or ten years before the Conquest. The original state of the law in this country, according to Blackstone, is as follows:—

"If a person accused of any crime except treason and sacrilege had fled to any church or churchyard, and within forty days after went in sackcloth and confessed himself before the coroner, and declared all the particular circumstances of his offence, and took the oath in that case provided,—namely, 'That he abjured the realm, and would depart from thence forthwith at the port which should be assigned to him, and would never return without leave from the king,'—he by this means saved his life, if he observed the conditions of his oath by going with a cross in his hand, and with all convenient speed, to the port assigned, and embarking there; for if, during this forty days' sanctuary, or on his road to the seaside, he was apprehended and arraigned in any court for this felony, he might plead the privilege of sanctuary, and had a right to be remanded if taken out against his will."

He remained, nevertheless, a felon all his life, and his property was forfeited to the

crown, while a return from his exile rendered him at any time liable to summary justice on his own recorded confession. Had this original state of the law remained, therefore, in its integrity, as it issued from the head-quarters of the church, it would be difficult to detect much mischief in such a system, or any greater anomaly than in modern sentences of transportation. The odium that is associated with it belongs to a later age, when the church and the world both became impurer as they grew older, and corrupted by prosperity and wealth. By royal concessions, by papal bulls, and monkish aggressions, these sanctuaries were first revolutionized and then multiplied in every direction. Their privileges were no longer limited to churches and churchyards. Whenever a friar chose his house, or a great man built his palace, there the apathy of the executive and the insolence of the mob established a sanctuary; and to such an extent did this national madness spread that, at the end of the seventeenth century, no fewer than forty recognized refuges might be enumerated in London alone. One of the earliest and most curious instances of the system in our own kingdom is the sanctuary long claimed in Scotland by the descendants of Macduff, Macbeth's dethroner. Malcolm III. (Canmore), on recovering his ancestral crown in the middle of the eleventh century, granted to this clan the privilege that any one related to it within nine degrees, who had been guilty of unpremeditated homicide, should on fleeing to Macduff's Cross, near Lindores in Fifeshire, have his penalty remitted for a fine. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," quotes a Latin document of the thirteenth century, in which the privilege is claimed in bar of any other jurisdiction than that of the Earls of Fife. The cross itself was destroyed at the reformation; but its pedestal still remains, as also does the tradition in the family of Moray in Abercairny.

At various periods of the Middle Ages we find claims of privilege being tried and confirmed by law. Two only we select by way of example. In 1378, John of Gaunt sent two emissaries, Sir Ralph de Ferrers and Sir Allen Boxhull, to drag a fugitive from his retreat within the precincts of Westminster Abbey. An appeal was made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who excommunicated

the offenders, and compelled the restoration of their captive. This is notable as the first recorded instance of any one being hardy enough to attempt such a sacrilege. The one we are about to relate shows even more strongly the extent to which these usurpations had reached. In 1439, while a criminal was being carried from Newgate to Guild Hall for trial, the tenants of the College of St. Martin's-le-Grand (which, so late as the present century, used to have a law-court and jurisdiction of its own) suddenly burst out, attacked the guard, and carried the prisoner home with them. The sheriff having, with a large force, succeeded in recapturing his prey, the lord high chancellor ruled, by order of the king, that the privileges of the Dean and Chapter (of Westminster, to which the college was subject) had been invaded, and that the prisoner must be restored. When we remember that not only in Westminster Abbey and St. Martin's-le-Grand, but in every part of the country, public peace and private security were exposed to the risks of lawless rabbles such as this, the wonder, is not that riots and robberies and highway murders were frequent, but rather that a pretence of municipal order could assert itself at all. The two cases we have quoted are instances, taken from a great number before us, of a state of things which actually continued till 1697, when Parliament for the first time took the matter in hand, and, amid threats of rebellion uttered openly and threats of assassination written anonymously, decreed the downfall of all sanctuaries from one end of the kingdom to the other. We believe that the sole remaining exception to this abolition is Holyrood Palace, which still protects from arrest for debt all those who take refuge within its precincts, and inscribe their names in its Baillie's books. By virtue of the royal prerogative, indeed, all the sovereign's demesnes exclude the execution of civil process; but Holyrood is the only one which comprises a street of houses, open to the public at large, and occupied without leave or license by whoever may have more debts in the outer world than he knows how to pay. On the Continent, however, the institution still prevails to a considerable extent, so far as civil process is concerned; and here and there we come across a hospitable monastery where monk and murderer and traveller might be

seen feasting side by side, in equal security and with equal appetite.

It only remains for us to give a brief notice of the two most famous London sanctuaries,—Whitefriars and Savoy. On the former, we shall content ourselves with a quotation from Lord Macaulay, who describes it as it was in 1697,—just before its extinction. Originally a house of Carmelite friars, founded in the thirteenth century, and, by virtue of its papal charter, a refuge for all its tenants; then, at the Reformation, restricted to the privilege of sheltering debtors; and in 1608, by special concession from King James, constituted once more an asylum for criminals of every shade, it was rechristened by its grateful occupants with its ancient name, Alsatia, or “Eald-Seaxen.”

“Bounded on the west by the great school of English jurisprudence, and on the east by the great mart of English trade, stood this labyrinth of squalid, tottering houses, packed, every one of them, from cellar to cockloft, with outcasts, whose life was one long war with society. The most respectable part of the population consisted of debtors who were in fear of bailiffs. The rest were attorneys struck off the rolls, witnesses who carried straw in their shoes as a sign to inform the public where false oaths might be purchased for half a crown, sharpers, receivers of stolen goods, clippers of coin, forgers of bank-notes, and tawdry women, blooming with paint and brandy, who in their anger made free use of their nails and their scissors, yet whose anger was less to be dreaded than their kindness. With these wretches the narrow alleys of the sanctuary swarmed. The rattling of dice, the call for more punch and more wine, and the noise of blasphemy and ribald song, never ceased during the whole night. The Benches of the Inner Temple could bear the scandal and the annoyance no longer. They ordered the gate leading into Whitefriars to be bricked up. The Alsatians mustered in great force, attacked the workmen, killed one of them, pulled down the walls, knocked down the sheriff who came to keep the peace, and carried off his gold chain, which no doubt was soon in the melting-pot. The tumult was not suppressed till a company of the foot-guards arrived. This riot excited general indignation. Yet so difficult was it to execute any process in the dens of Whitefriars, that near two years elapsed before a single ringleader was apprehended.”

A puzzling paradox for an ethical philosopher,—that the same high and mighty prince

of blessed memory, who "did never desist to urge and to excite those to whom it was commended" to the translation of the Holy Scriptures, sold for money a license such as this, signed its charter with his own royal hand, and sealed it with his own great seal! It would scarcely be too much to say that this act of weakness, or avarice, or whatever other motive may have led to it, hindered the due administration of justice in this country for at least half a century.

A few words on the history of the Savoy seem to be demanded by the catastrophe which has just swept away its last vestige. Its founder was Peter Earl of Savoy and Richmond, the uncle of Henry III.'s wife Eleanor, who in 1245 got a royal grant of a piece of land between the Strand and the river, and built upon it a small brick palace. On his death he left it to Queen Eleanor, who again by royal letters patent vested it in her second son, Edward of Lancaster, and his heirs. The Dukedom of Lancaster having been under Henry VIII. annexed to the crown, the Savoy has ever since been a royal domain, and in this character—and without, as far as appears, any special charter—acquired its sanctuary privileges. Here, in 1350, John II. of France was confined a prisoner after the battle of Poitiers, and here he found such pleasant quarters—laved as they then were by a clear and cheerful river, and looking out on pleasant country fields beyond—that he asked permission to revisit the palace a few years after, and actually died in it in 1364. Burned to the ground in one of Wat Tyler's riots, and in ruins for upwards of a century, Henry VII. in 1505 rebuilt and endowed it as a hospital for a hundred poor people, adding to it a chapel and a printing-press,—one of the first, we believe, in London. About fifty years later, on the destruction of the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand, we find the Chapel Royal of the Savoy the parish church of the neighborhood, and among its records is a formal renunciation, by the parishioners, of "all interest or right" in the edifice. With the exception of a brief suspension in the reign of Edward VI., the hospital remained till 1702, in which year it was converted into a military prison, and in 1819 all but the chapel was pulled down to make way for the present approach to Waterloo Bridge.

Of the historical associations of the Savoy,

the most memorable is the great religious Conference of 1661, between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, for the revision of the Liturgy,—a curious instance of the inefficacy of theological controversy to change people's theological belief. An entire week, and twelve learned tongues on each side, were devoted to the discussion; but at the end the Reformers found themselves exactly where they had started, and the court party went home to agree among themselves that henceforth King Charles II., and all sovereigns after him, should be commended to Heaven as "most religious and gracious." They might be excused for feeling in a very good humor after escaping safe and sound into the open air from the perilous asylum of the Savoy.

From The Spectator, 6 Aug.

PUBLIC SWIMMING AT BRIGHTON.

WE have often wondered in past years that swimming was so little cultivated in England. One would have thought that our insular position and our sea-going propensities should have had the effect of making a swimming nation of us long since; but it has not been so. Even amongst our sailors of the last generation only a small percentage could swim, and of course the rest of the community, except always those who had been educated at public schools, were far behind the sailors. A decided majority of public school boys came away fair swimmers; but even there the art was left to take care of itself. There were men who had to attend at the bathing-places of the lower school during the season; but it was no part of their business to give instruction in swimming, nor do we remember their ever doing so. Education has been marching in this respect, as in so many others, within the last few years, and now swimming is scientifically taught at the naval schools, and, we believe, at most of our public schools also. At any rate, there are now regular yearly competitive examinations in the art at these latter, and the general public is following in the same direction. The parish of St. George set the example, which has been followed, though not so largely as it deserves to be, by other metropolitan parishes, and in consequence of the opening of such swimming baths as those in Davies Street quite a large

average of young cockneydom is learning to keep its head above water. At these baths there are constant swimming matches amongst the members of the swimming clubs and other frequenters; but of course the space is too confined for a satisfactory test of the swimmer's powers. For this there is nothing like the sea, and therefore we are glad to find that the custom of swimming matches is beginning to prevail at some of our seaside places of resort. Until this week we had never had the opportunity of witnessing one of these; but on Monday last we chanced to be at Brighton on the occasion of the "Fifth Annual Swimming Matches of the Brighton Swimming Club," and think that some account of them may amuse our readers in this holiday time.

The posters announced that the fun was to begin at 9.30 precisely, so we started off for the scene of operations directly after breakfast, purchasing on our way for one penny a correct card, which gave the names and colors (worn in bathing-caps) of the swimmers, the distances of the course, a list of the prizes, and the few and simple rules, such as that all competitors were to wear bathing drawers, and that no false starts would be allowed. The bathing-station is a portion of the beach, fifty yards long to the west of the Chain Pier, almost, therefore, in the very centre of Brighton. It was roped off, being reserved for the competitors, and for the umpires, and committee, and their friends. On each side of this space the beach was lined with just such a crowd as would gather to races. Boys of course were the prevailing feature; but there were a large number of men and women of all ages, chiefly of the laboring class. The raised approach to the Chain Pier, which runs along just above the bathing-station, was also lined with spectators of a higher rank, and above that, again, the esplanade was crowded for a distance of about three hundred yards, and all the windows of the houses were full of well-dressed folk. A better spot for enabling the largest number of spectators to see the races could scarcely be chosen; for at high tide when the swimming begins, the starting-place is not more than fifty yards from the top of the cliff along which the esplanade runs.

The competitors got ready in a long shed at the top of the station, just under the raised walk. They came out as they were

ready, and were then drawn up in line and started by pistol-shot. They got into the water as they pleased, and had to swim round a post, of which there was a line gay with flags, the furthest being five hundred yards from the shore. There was a Humane Society's boat in attendance, into which any candidate scrambled who felt that he had had enough, and soon after the commencement a dozen other boats were pulling about the course, carrying a lot of well-dressed men and women, who seemed to enjoy their proximity to the races, but somewhat interfered with the view from the beach. We managed, nevertheless, to see the matches very well, and can vouch that there was some really good swimming. The fourth match was for second-class swimmers, distance, one thousand yards, which was done by the winner in eighteen minutes and thirty seconds, the next man being a minute and a half behind. The longest race was the fifth, for first-class swimmers, members of the Brighton Swimming Club, the course being round the head of the Chain Pier, and the distance being one thousand two hundred and forty yards. The winner, a Brighton tradesman of the name of Cavill, did the distance in seventeen minutes forty-five seconds, the next man being only three seconds behind him. There was a strong tide and a considerable swell on at this time, and although the number of yards per minute does not look large on paper, the best swimmer amongst our readers will find it a pretty tough feat if he will go and try it under the same conditions. Only four competitors started for this heat, all of whom came well home, the last being little more than three-quarters of a minute behind the winner.

The great attraction of the day however, was the "sixth match, for females, open to all comers, distance three hundred yards, for a very handsome silver-plated tea-pot, value 55s.," as it was announced on the card. On the cliff, the pier, the beach, there must have been now four or five thousand spectators, a somewhat awful ordeal, one would think, for the "females" in question. "They must have good heart to come out at all," said one middle-aged woman to another, close by our elbow, and we quite agreed. After a short delay, however, the door of a bathing-machine, which had been drawn up to the starting-place, opened, and out jumped first one, and

then a second young woman. This was all. There were four entries; but only two came to the scratch. Mrs. Mary Taylor, who wore a scarlet and white headdress, and Miss Gooding (or Jenny Gooding, as she was called in the crowd), who showed in white and blue. The rest of their persons were clothed in short blue jackets, not tunics such as women wear at French watering-places, and trousers fitting rather tight, which no doubt must be far more easy to swim in than loose ones. So far as we could observe, from a distance of some thirty yards, they seemed fine, strong young women, and we gathered from the talk about us that they were sisters, the daughters of a proprietor of machines, accustomed to attend on ladies bathing, and both of them first-rate swimmers. After a short delay, the signal was given, and they ran into the water and started for the one hundred and fifty yards flag round which they were to swim. We were disappointed in the pace, Mrs. Taylor and Jenny taking the matter quite coolly, and swimming side by side quietly until the close, when the married lady took a few feet precedence of her sister and came first to ground amidst much applause. Whether the applause incited the young women to prolong their performance, or whether it was a part of the programme, we cannot say, but instead of going to their machine they now swam out again for thirty yards or so, and began floating and diving, and were hauled up into a boat by a young man, who, we were told, was their brother, from which they each took several very respectable headers. The Brighton committee had made a great point of this match for women, and we do not know that it could have been more properly or decently managed, except for the afterthought of scrambling up into a boat for the purpose of showing off. At the same time, we confess that we wish this race had been left out. It is very desirable that women should learn to swim, and we can see no harm in their practising in the open sea, when decently clad. But this is quite another thing from taking part in the same matches with men, and when Jenny and her sister walked up dripping to their machine, through a number of men, naked except bathing-drawers, who were waiting for the next race, we felt that the performance was not good "for example of life and instruction of manners." And

while we are on this point we may add that it would be quite as well that women should not be allowed in the space kept clear for the starting. They have no business there, and can see all that they ought to see quite as well from the esplanade or the pier.

After this, the ornamental swimming, as the card had it, came off, which consisted of diving, floating, rolling on the top of the water, and other tricks of the same kind, of which some were very good. The fact which seemed to please and astonish people most was the simple motionless floating on the back, a fact which shows that the public is far from being properly educated; for this feat is, in fact, not at all a matter of swimming, but of faith. Any person who will stretch out his arms above his head and lie still on the water, may do so in the sea for as long as he feels inclined, even if he cannot swim ten strokes. But faith is as rare amongst swimmers as it is in other departments. Then "Captain Camp, of the Brighton Swimming Club," proceeded to "prepare and partake of his breakfast, consisting of coffee, ham, and eggs, all hot, thirty yards at sea." This, the captain, a one-legged man, managed successfully enough, on a small raft constructed on three cork belts, such as they keep on passenger ships to throw out in case of a man overboard. To him, when his cooking was nearly finished, swam out two other one-legged men, one of whom upset the raft, and the captain, and his kitchen apparatus, into a great wave, and there was much rollicking in the water between the one-legged. Presently, one of them scrambled up into a boat, in which were a party comprising two well-dressed young women, and sat for a minute or two dripping on the gunwale, within a few feet of these damsels. This part of the performance also struck us as objectionable, and, ridiculously enough, seemed to us all the more so because the man had only one leg. We have been unable to satisfy ourselves why it should be so, upon thinking the matter over since, but cannot get rid of the impression that so it was.

There were several other matches, including a steeple-chase, in which the swimmers scrambled over a gate and a boat, and dived under certain other obstacles, and a race, in which they started dressed and got rid of their clothes in the water. The whole of the

aces were over by about the middle of the day, and certainly we came away feeling that we had had a very good morning's amusement.

With the exception of the one or two points noticed above, there was nothing whatever *risqué* or objectionable in these matches, and they are certainly calculated to encourage very much the useful art of swimming. We should be glad to see them under proper regulations established and popular at all our sea-bathing places. Bathing is a subject on which there exists a good deal of prudery in the English mind. It may not be out of place to remark that amongst the most immoral people in the world, the Hindoos, it is

considered absolutely indecent even for men to bathe undressed, while amongst the Burmese, the only really pure Eastern race, by whom the marriage vow is really respected, men and women bathe together. We would not imply too much from this fact and would yield to no one in the vehemence of our protest against any custom which threatened in the least degree to undermine the real modesty of the nation; on the other hand, we shall always set our faces against mock-modesty, which is only a thin veil for nastiness of mind, and for our own parts would almost as soon see our women bathing with men as putting frills round the legs of their pianofortes.

SCIENCE has lately sustained a loss in the death of Dr. Normandy, who, as a practical chemist and experimental philosopher, has materially contributed to the advance of modern science. Though French by birth, he adopted England as his country, and after passing his examination as a surgeon, devoted himself to chemical experiments, in which, for a time, he was associated with the late Dr. Ure, to the last edition of whose "Dictionary of the Arts and Manufactures" he has largely contributed. He gave important evidence of a startling character before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the Adulteration of Food, and has left behind him many standard works on chemistry. Dr. Normandy died on the 10th May, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

It would appear, from the carefully-conducted investigations of M. Heffelseim, that the heart recoils after every contraction, somewhat in the same manner as a cannon which has just been fired. The writer states that the moment the ventricles contract and pour their volume of blood into the aorta and pulmonary artery, the double liquid jet which is thus produced necessarily determines a movement of the heart in the opposite direction; that is to say, an actual recoil movement at every pulsation. The reason why, during its contraction, it assumes its proper position, is that the elasticity of the surrounding structures neutralizes the effect of the recoil.

DR. TILBURY FOX and Mr. Erasmus Wilson are at war concerning the nature of the fungi pro-

ducing skin diseases. The former maintains, in accordance with truths already established, that the growths in question are essentially vegetable; the latter regards them as being modified eederonic or skin tissues. There can be little doubt of the accuracy of Dr. Fox's views.

It has been stated that Dr. Grusselback, of the University of Upsala, lately restored to activity a snake which had been frozen to torpidity for ten years. It is also reported that he proposed to the Swedish Government to experiment on criminals. He proposes to reduce the individual to complete torpor by the gradual application of cold, and to resuscitate him after a year or two.

It would seem that electricity as a curative agent is gradually stealing into the laboratories and surgeries of medical men. A novel, and (if true) a most important application of it has just been discovered by M. Namias. The latter has found that in that fearfully destructive malady, "Bright's disease of the kidneys," electricity causes the elimination of urea from the glands. A greater step in the cure of the disease could hardly have been made. Urea is the substance which by its conversion into carbonate of ammonia produces the cerebral symptoms; and if a means of eliminating it has been arrived at, medicine may congratulate itself on the circumstance. M. Namias states, that the additional secretion of the urea is accompanied by an increase in the quantity of albumen, but considers this of little importance.